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THE ADVENTURES OF Mr George Edwards, A *CREOLE.*

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OF

Mr. George Edwards,

A

CREOLE.

LONDON:

THE ADVENTURES OF Mr George Edwards, A CREOLE.



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THE

PREFACE.

IT has been too much a Cuſtom among the modern Writers of Romance, to expoſe Perſons inſtead of Vices or Follies; and to draw from real Life, the Characters of a Work, the very Plan and Intent of which beſpeaks it Fiction. Where the Author has been honeſt enough to avoid this; or where, from a more juſt Idea of the Nature of the Thing he ſets about, he has been in no

Temptation to fall into a Proceedure, that has no real Connection with it, the world has too often executed the ill-natur'd Office for him, and has conſtru'd that into perſonal Abuſe, which he intended as general Admonition. In this Caſe, the Crime is theirs who apply, not his, who has happen'd to write what was capable of Application; as indeed, every general Cenſure muſt neceſſarily be more or leſs ſo, if founded on Foibles that really exiſt.

Under theſe Diſadvantages, an Author, who publiſhes a Piece of this Kind, can do no more

more than enter his Caveat againſt ſuch Treatment of his Works. It is with great Seriouſneſs, that the Writer of theſe Adventures declares, that there is in the World, no ſuch Perſon as the Hero of them, or as any other Character deſcribed in them: The Perſons are all, ſo far at leaſt, *Tom Jones*'s and *Clariſſa*'s: Reſemblances there are, which may, perhaps in ſome Parts of them, in ſome Degree, fit certain particular Perſons, but they are intended as Characters of various Vices, Follies, *&c.* and not as Deſcriptions of particular Perſons.

In this Light only the Author gives them to the World; declaring that he means no particular Perſon by any of them, nor knows any Perſon to whom any one of them can with Juſtice be appropriated. After this, if any body chuſes to apply them, or to charge all the Foibles deſcribed under any of them, on any private Perſon, who may happen to be poſſeſs'd of ſome one of them, the Cenſure ought to fall where the Fault lies, that is, on him who forces the Words into a Senſe the Author never intended to expreſs by them.

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THE

THE ADVENTURES OF Mr George Edwards, A CREOLE.

BOOK the First,

Containing about as much Buſineſs as the firſt Act of a Comedy.

CHAP. I.

The Hiſtory of a Perſon who will be of Uſe to us hereafter.

WHOEVER has had Occaſion to viſit the lower Part of *Scotland-yard*, muſt have obſerved an obſcure Doorway, long ſince diveſted of the Apparatus with which it once was capable of being ſhut; and at preſent

ſerving only to diſcover a dark Paſſage, the nightly Scene of many a tender Courtſhip. At the Extremity of this duſky Entrance appears, behind the Barrier of a ſpiked Hatch, the triple-bolted Gate of the very eminent and amiable Mr *Jeremy Edwards*.

THE Apartment was originally deſtined to the Service of one of the lower Domeſtics of the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*. It belonged to a Sett of Rooms, of old allotted for the Reception of that Prelate and his Retinue, if it any Time the Buſineſs of the Privy Council ſhould detain him later at *St James*'s than the proper Hours for his croſſing the Water. The Tranquillity of our Country has now rendered late Counſels unneceſſary; and the Apartments, in leſs happy Times appointed to ſuch Uſes, have been a long while alienated from their original Proprietor. The humble Part of them, which is to be the Scene of much Buſineſs in the ſucceeding Hiſtory, had been ſome Years before given, by a Perſon of Faſhion, to a diſcarded Footman, whoſe unmannerly Demand for Wages my Lord had not been in a Humour to comply with, juſt at that Time; and from

from this Perſon, who had ventured to borrow on that Fund, and the additional joint Security of a neighbouring Tradeſman, about a twentieth Part of the Sum of our Mr *Edwards*, the Apartment, after the diſmiſſing the Friend to the *Marſhalſea*, and obtaining an Agreement of the Repayment of the Sum by Weekly Portions of One and Six-pence each, from the Principal, devolved, by way of Security, to the Creditor.

Mr *Edwards*, who was a Man of great Prudence and Œconomy, found many Reaſons for being pleaſed with his new Habitation. He grew ſo fond of it, indeed, after a few Weeks, that he had the Generoſity, in Conſideration of an Aſſignment of it in Form, together with another of a due Proportion of the Debt, from the noble Donor, to acquit the Principal in the Obligation, and, at the ſame Time, to releaſe alſo his Friend from the Priſon, on Condition of his entering into the Weekly Engagement in the other's Place, and bringing ſome reſponſible Perſon to promiſe that he ſhould keep up to his Payments more regularly than the other had done.

THAT his Habitation was in a Place privileged from the Danger of Arreſts, could be, indeed, a Circumſtance of no Conſequence to Mr *Edwards*, who, conſcious that the Advantage of buying with ready Money was more than adequate to the higheſt Intereſt, never made any Debts: But he did not loſe the Conſideration of it's being in a Neighbourhood where almoſt every body wanted Money ſo heartily as to be glad of it on any Terms. Additionally to this, it's conſiſting only of one Room rendered it leſs expenſive in point of Furniture; and the Difficulty of finding the Way to it gave him ſufficient Ground for Hopes that his common Acquaintance, if he had not yet been able intirely to get rid of ſuch People, would not think it worth while to ſearch him out there; and that only thoſe, by whom he was to get ſomething, would give him the Trouble of opening his Door for their Admittance.

AS the gentle Reader is ſeldom content with an Account of the Life and Actions of a great Man, unleſs he is alſo informed of certain other leſs eſſential Circum-

Circumſtances in regard to him, we ſhall comply ſo far with the Cuſtom eſtabliſhed from Time immemorial, by Authors of the Claſs to which we flatter ourſelves this egregious Work will declare we have the Honour to belong, as to inform the World, that Mr *Jeremy Edwards*, the Subject of our preſent Relation, was a Man of five Feet, nine Inches, and three Quarters high; his Age about Sixty-ſeven; his Perſon meagre; his Countenance ſallow, and deeply wrinkled; his Eyes far ſunk in their Sockets, but carrying the conſtant Marks of an uncommon Scrutiny and Diſcernment in them; and his Beard a Sable, ſilvered: It's Colour, indeed, was uſually more diſtinguiſhable on a *Saturday* than at other Times, as on that Day it was ordinarily about one Third of an Inch in Length.

His Habit was always Mourning; that Kind of Dreſs, beſide it's peculiar Gravity, having the Advantages of being bought cheapeſt at ſecond-hand, and requiring the leaſt expenſive Paraphernalia in Sword, Buckles, and the other common Appendages. His Wig was a Tye, which, beſide the Advantage it enjoyed, in common with the Coat, of

Gravity, and an Appearance of Importance without Expence; by drawing the two Tyes together in a Knot under his Chin at Bed-time, very comfortably ſerved in the Place, and ſaved the Expence, of Night Caps.

HIS Meals were temperate, and were indeed one leſs in Number than moſt People's; the Phyſicians having perſuaded him, as he had liſtened to their Diſcourſe at the Coffee-houſe, that Suppers were unwholeſome. His Hours were early, for he had long taught himſelf to cheat Life of all that Time which could not be enjoyed without the Expence of Fire and Candle. His Mornings were employed in looking over his Accounts, and at his Devotions; the *Park* took up his Noon; and, from the Time of his Dinner to that of his retiring to his Repoſe, he might be always found at *Will's Coffee-houſe*, where he got Law from the loquacious Mr *Tongue*, as cheap as he did Phyſic from the Debates of the very eminent Dr *Greek* and Dr *Cane*; and where, after picking up the News of the Day in the ſame Manner, without joining in any Converſation, he employed the Reſt of the tedious Period in reading

one

one after another all the Daily, and the Weekly Papers.

THE Coffee at theſe Houſes always gave him the Head-ach; the Tea, he obſerved, made him low-ſpirited; and, as for Chocolate, he could never ſleep after it: In Conſequence of this, he never drank any thing in this Time but two Glaſſes of Water, which the Waiters brought to him without being called upon, at ſtated Periods; and he paid Quarterly at the Bar, at the Rate of Threepence Half-penny *per* Week, for Houſe-room.

THE Companion of this Gentleman's Retirement was a Female of the Name of *Ruth*, who had been taught to think ſhe had great Reaſon to applaud his Tenderneſs for her, tho' ſhe had no Knowledge of what was her real Connection with him.

MRS *Ruth*, who, at the Period at which our Hiſtory commences, was about Six-and-twenty, had been bred up under her Maſter's Eye from an Infant. His Acquaintance with her had commenced ſome time before her Birth. Her Mo-

ther, who unfortunately was never married, with how much Juſtice we ſhall not pretend to ſay, had ſworn the Fruit of her unlawful Amuſements to him; and he had taken the Child very early under his immediate Protection, from a Conſideration that it was eaſy to maintain her at Home, at a ſmaller Expence than he muſt be at Abroad for her, and that ſhe might very ſoon be employed ſo as to make her rather a Profit than an Expence to him.

UPON this Plan the little *Ruth* was very early inſtructed in the making Cabbage Nets, and Purſes: From thence ſhe went through the whole Round of Employments ſince idly pretended to have been invented for the Children of the *Foundling Hoſpital*; and was of ſo towardly and induſtrious a Diſpoſition, that, by the Age of ſeven Years, ſhe more than paid for her Food and Raiment. From that Time ſhe became ſerviceable to her Guardian alſo in a farther Capacity. He had been, till then, accuſtomed to pay one of the Nymphs of the Yard, at the Rate of Five-pence Weekly, for employing an Hour every Morning in the cleaning his Apartment.

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The little *Ruth* now became able, at her leiſure Hours, to take off that Expence; and, in fine, the old Gentleman, whoſe temperate Life had preſerved to his late Period that Vigour which the modern polite World uſually deplore the Loſs of at Three-and-thirty, a few Years after found Means to place the gentle *Ruth* in the Stead of the Evening Damſels of the *Park*, and to ſave himſelf the only Three Half-pences he had for many Years been capable of accuſing as extravagant and unneceſſary.

CHAP. II.

In the Style and Manner, tho' without the Terms, of Heraldry.

WRITERS in the *Epic*, whether in Poetry or Proſe, have generally taken Care to deduce the Perſon whom they ſelect for their Hero from high and noble Lineage. In antient Days, when Gods were more numerous, as well as more familiar, with the good People of this World, than Men will be brought to believe they are at this Time, an Author hardly thought a Man qualified to cut two or three People's Throats, unleſs he had a Deity, Male or Female, for his Parent, or, at the fartheſt, for his Anceſtor: In after Times, when the Inhabitants of the upper Regions made fewer Viſits among us, Kings, and Emperors were ſtill in being; and the Author, if he could not find the Way to deduce the Principal in his Story legitimately from one or other of theſe People, ſeldom or never failed of paying his Mother's Chaſtity the Compliment of introducing ſome body of this ſort to the inmoſt Receſſes of it, juſt

juſt three Quarters of a Year before his Birth.

THERE is great Difference, however, between Romance and Hiſtory: The Former, as it ſets out in utter Defiance of Truth, and commonly of Reaſon too, may make it's own Way to the Magnificent; the Latter, as it is nothing, if not founded on Facts, is tied down to much narrower Limits.

ALL this we have judged neceſſary to prefix to our introducing the Hero of this our Hiſtory to the Reader's Acquaintance; as he was indeed a Deſcendant of a Family, of which the Gentleman, a Sketch of whoſe Character has furniſhed out the preceding Chapter, was not the leaſt honourable Branch.

THE Love of Money, and the Care to improve it, ſeem to have been hereditary Virtues in the Mr *Jeremy Edwards* already celebrated. His Father, a Perſon ever attached to it in the cloſeſt Manner, had, in the Courſe of his Application, often fallen upon particular Methods, which over-ſcrupulous People might have called exceptionable; and

having, on one unlucky Occaſion, carried theſe a little too far, he ſubjected himſelf to a Cataſtrophe which threatened to put a Period to every Hope of his ſucceeding in it again.

MR *Thomas Edwards*, for ſuch was this Gentleman's Name, had been originally a Foot-boy to an humble Merchant, in one of the dirty Streets behind *St Paul*'s. This Gentleman had received him ſo young from the Country, that he either had very little Idea of his Parents or Relations, or had the Prudence to conceal who they were, by pretending ſo. The Reader's Curioſity, therefore, as to the Origin of the Family of the *Edwards*'s, tho' a very juſt and laudable one, muſt neceſſarily remain unſatisfied from this our Hiſtory.

The Fortunes of Mr *Thomas*'s Maſter had been continually improving, while he lived in his Service, and his own had improved with them. From Foot-boy he became at length Butler, and, in this Capacity, ſerved till the Age of Thirty-ſix; at which Period his Maſter died, after having, for ſome Years, ſpent a great Part of his Time at his Villa near *Highgate*,

Highgate, and left the Management of his Affairs in Town to his old and faithful Servant. Mr *Thomas* had ſo well profited of his Confidence, during the latter Part of his Service, that he now found himſelf worth Three Hundred Pounds, beſide a conſiderable Legacy bequeathed him for his faithful Services.

With this Stock, amounting in the Whole to Five Hundred and Fifty Pounds, he ſet up as a reputable Trader. He had ſo well informed himſelf of all the common Methods of Gain during the Period of his ſerving the Maker of his Fortune, that, in a few Years, he raiſed his Capital to five Times it's original Value, and was in a Way to have made a very fair Fortune, when having been unhappily diſcovered in promoting the Stripping the Houſe of a Perſon of ſome Conſepuence, while the Family were in the Country, and buying the Plunder at a fifth Part of it's Value, the Cataſtrophe already hinted at very ſuddenly ſhifted the Scene to one of his Majeſty's Plantations.

PREVIOUSLY to this unfortunate Event, Mr *Edwards* had been ſome Years married; but as this Alliance had not at all tended to the aggrandizing his Fortune, or ennobling his Progeny, we have not judged it neceſſary to take any more notice of it before, than the Huſband himſelf did afterwards. He had found Means of ſending this Lady off with the greateſt Part of his Fortune, ſome Days before his Tryal, with Inſtructions to follow him with it after his Tranſportation, as he was well informed this muſt be the Sentence; but, by ſome malevolent Fate or other, he had the ill Luck to find himſelf diſappointed in this particular, and arrived in the Colony he was deſtined to alone, and a Beggar. After having ſerved as long an Apprenticeſhip in this new World to one Miſtreſs, as *Jacob* did for both his, he at length married her, and, finding means to get rid of her in a Year or two afterwards, he ſat down, in the ſeventeenth Year of his Exile, Maſter of a much better Fortune than that he had left behind him.

THE

THE Lady, by whoſe Death Mr *Edwards* became poſſeſſed of this new Eſtabliſhment, had borne him a Son during the laſt Year of his Servitude, an Event, which perhaps had not a little facilitated his more honourable Engagements. From this Son, who afterwards marry'd the only Daughter of a neighbouring Planter, and by that Means joined two very conſiderable Eſtates which lay contiguous, deſcended Mr *George Edwards*, the Hero of our future Story.

MRS *Edwards*, whom we have before mentioned as left in *England*, with Injunctions of following her Huſband to his new Place of Reſidence, finding herſelf poſſeſſed of ſo conſiderable a Fortune as two thouſand Pounds, had taken the Advice of her Friends, and reſolved not to croſs the ſalt Seas after a Huſband, who was little better than a Rogue neither: She immediately threw herſelf into Buſineſs, in a Trade that has no other requiſite but Caſh, namely, that of a Pawnbroker; and though ſhe did not think it ſafe to marry, as ſhe could

not

not be assured of her former Husband's not returning, she very prudently took a spruce Journeyman into her Family, who transacted the Business of her Shop, and by whom she had a Son, the *Jeremy Edwards* of our preceding Chapter; for, having no legal Title to his Father's Name, he was always called by that of his Mother.

THE Improvement of Money was a Virtue derived therefore to Mr *Jeremy* from his Ancestors on every Side: He no sooner was able to write, than he became of use in the Shop, and by the Age of Fifteen was such a Proficient in the Business, that he was judged able to manage it entirely, under the Direction of his Mother; and, as that Lady had now no farther Service for her Journeyman, the poor Fellow was turned out of Doors to starve, as the Drones are from the Hive by the rest of the Bees, after they have laid the Foundation for a succeeding Generation; the only End for which the Females of more Species than the Insect kind suppose those of the other Sex to have been formed.

THE

THE Mother of Mr *Jeremy* lived to ſee him in his forty-eighth Year; at which Period ſhe bid good bye to this troubleſome Life, full of Years and Satisfaction, leaving her Son in Poſſeſſion of the whole Fortune; which when he had ſold off the Pledges, and got all together, he found amount to more than eight thouſand Pounds. With this Stock he quitted the Buſineſs he had been bred to, and retired to the Cell in which the Reader found him, at the ſetting out of this Hiſtory. He there found the way to make a profitable Uſe of it, by lending Money to People, who, having no real Security to leave for it, were obliged to be content with worſe Conditions as to Intereſt, than thoſe which the injudicious and cenſorious World call exorbitant, in the Trade of the Pawnbroker.

IF thou ſhouldſt imagine, gentle Reader, that we have been ſomewhat perplexed and intricate in the Conduct of this Chapter, we are to remind thee, that, while deducing Genealogies, it becomes us to write like Genealogiſts: and

we

we give thee this Notice in good time, to prevent Surprize or Cenſure, that thou ſhalt find, thro' the Courſe of this our Work, we will be dull, be obſcure, be impertinent, be any thing in the World, rather than be out of Character.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Which if the gentle Reader chuſes to call the firſt of this Hiſtory, he has our free Leave.

MR *George Edwards*, the Son of Captain *Nicholas Edwards*, the Deſcendant of the great *Thomas Edwards*, Eſq; and ally'd, by Marriage, to the Family of Major *James Williams*, Deſcendant of the honourable Colonel *Williams* (for every Man in theſe Iſlands is as naturally a Colonel, as every *German* is a Baron) was a fine tall Boy, for a *Creole* very handſome, the immediate Heir to an immenſe Fortune, and was by every body allowed to be a Gentleman of one of the beſt and antienteſt Families in the Iſland.

HE was, at the Period at which our Hiſtory commences, barely nineteen: He had been bred at home with an indulgent Mother, among a Family of Slaves, under the Command of a Father who had very little leſs Pride, and much more Tyranny, than *Alexander* the Great; and he was accordingly as proud, as peeviſh,

viſh, and as inſolent, as Indulgence and bad Example could render him. He had, however, many amiable Qualities at bottom: He was generous to Profuſion; ſo compaſſionate, that his but coming in the Way of the Puniſhment of a Negro was a certain Reprieve to the Wretch; and ſo naturally open and ingenuous in his Diſpoſition, that no Conſideration was ever able to make him deny, or even but diſguiſe, his Thoughts.

IT has been an Obſervation of the moral Writers, who have not been for allowing too much Merit to human Nature, that many of our Virtues are the Produce of our Pride. Certain it is, that this Openneſs of Temper in our Hero was grounded on his holding himſelf too high for Diſingenuity, and knowing his own Rank too well to ſuppoſe there was any body he need condeſcend to conceal his Thoughts from; but we are not able to diſcover, that his Ingenuity was leſs a Virtue for this, or even that this Pride was criminal. If every Man would remember, on all Occaſions, his own Rank; or, if he have none in civil Life, the very Dignity of his Nature; it would prevent his

his deſcending to a thouſand Things that himſelf has Occaſion to be aſhamed of, and his Friends and Acquaintance to be ſorry for.

AMONG other it's good Diſpoſitions, the Heart of Maſter *George* was very open to Love: He was in a Country where there were very few Objects for ſuch a Paſſion, and where, unfortunately, there was one ſo much ſuperior to the reſt in Perſon and Accompliſhments, and ſo vaſtly inferior to himſelf in point of Fortune, that ſhe at once rendered it impoſſible for a Perſon of his Turn either to think of any body elſe, or of herſelf.

THE young Gentleman had ſtruggled againſt a Tenderneſs for this Lady, from a very early Period of his Life: But his Pride, added to his Father's frequent and earneſt Admonitions againſt it, had at length got the better of every Thought that would have hurt his Intereſt; when falling in one Day at her Father's Plantation, on a familiar Viſit, he found the young Lady in Tears; the unlicked Son of a Neighbour Planter, ſolliciting her in very coarſe and hardly civil Terms; and the Father ſeconding his

his Suit with the common Threats and Promiſes on theſe Occaſions of immediate Beggary if he refuſed, and of his utmoſt Penny if ſhe would comply.

THE common Benevolence of our Hero's Temper would have led him to plead in the Lady's Favour, on ſuch an Occaſion, had he wanted another Motive; but his own Honour ſeemed, according to his high Senſe of it, to be in ſome Degree alſo concerned in the Caſe. Though he had never opened his Lips to the Lady on a Love Story, he could not but look upon this Youngſter as a ſort of Rival, and, very juſtly condemning him as unworthy the Woman he dared to ſollicit in ſuch a Manner, he told him, ſomewhat roughly, theſe were not the Methods to gain a Heart that was of any Value, and that no Hand was worth accepting without one. 'I applaud the Lady's 'Refuſal of you,' continued he, 'and 'ſhould do ſo, though you had my 'Fortune: And Mr *Wentworth!* ſays 'he, addreſſing himſelf to the Father, 'let me prevail with you to pardon 'Miſs *July*, and diſmiſs her Lover: 'You know nothing of her Worth,

'Sir,

'Sir, if you imagine ſhe can't com-
'mand a better Match than this at any
'time: Nay,' concluded he, with ſome Earneſtneſs, 'I'll tax my own Eſtate
'with the Price of all that follows,
'if you find Reaſon to repent taking
'ing my Advice.'

THE Father conſented, and the Lover had his final Diſmiſſion; while the young Lady, who paid no more Attention to that Circumſtance, than to the Compliments her Father was making Maſter *Edwards*, threw herſelf at his Feet; and, ſeizing his Hand with a rapturous Eagerneſs, waſhed it with a Profuſion of thoſe Tears, which he had intended not to provoke, but to dry up. It was ſome Minutes before ſhe ſpoke; at length, 'O Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'where-
'fore am I to be more undone by you,
'than I could have been even by him!
'Why this additional Claim to that Eſ-
'teem, that Adoration you had from me
'before! I would not tell you, that to have
'lived with him were leſs than to deſpair
'of you: I would not tell you this, but
'that I know to be what I am, and to
'deſpair of you, is but one thing.'

Here

Here a freſh Torrent of Diſtreſs interrupted her for ſome Moments: At length, recovering her Voice, and ſtill eagerly preſſing his Hand, 'Pardon,' ſays ſhe, 'ſweeteſt, greateſt, perfecteſt 'of God's Images! Pardon a Frankneſs 'my Soul has learnt from yours. I 'cannot diſſemble with the Man who I 'ſee eſteems me, tho' he dares not love 'me: And, with the ſame Truth with 'which I own this to you, I tell you, 'concluded ſhe, I would not liſten to a 'Paſſion, that, while it made me bleſſed, 'would make you miſerable.'

OUR Hero had ſtood, during this intereſting Period, motionleſs as a Statue, with his Eyes fixed upon the Ground: The Lady ſtill retained her Poſture, but her Head now ſunk, thro' mere Fatigue of Soul, upon his Hand; and the Father ſtood at a little Diſtance ſtaring, and, with open Mouth and vacant Countenance, ſeeming at once to ſwallow the whole Diſcourſe, and digeſt no Syllable of it. He was by much the moſt at Eaſe of the three, and therefore it was natural enough that he ſhould break the Silence. 'I don't know what

'ſhe

'ſhe means by all this outlandiſh Talk,
'not I,' ſays he: 'Tis what ſhe reads;
'I ſuppoſe, out of the Play-books your
'People a lent her; but you might take
'her off of her Knees, howſomdever,
'one wou'd think, Squire! thof you
'be ſo much above her.'

CERTAIN it is, that neither had the Lady recollected her own Situation, nor he that ſhe continu'd in it, till this Admonition: He rais'd her with great Tenderneſs, and, throwing his Arms about her, imprinted on her cold Lips a Kiſs, that gave them Life and Warmth again: He looked earneſtly upon her, and, after a Pauſe of ſome Moments, uttered with great Agitation of Mind, 'Wou'd there were any thing proper for 'me to ſay to you', and burſt from her without Ceremony.

THE Father ſtar'd after him for ſome Time, and then, turning about, told his Daughter peeviſhly, 'A mote a ſaid 'good by t'ye, Dog, howſomdever, a 'body would think, Zw——s, what 'an he be ſo rich, you and I are Chriſ-'tians ſure as well as he, a'nt we.'

The Girl was ſilent: She knew there were Circumſtances under which it were poor to deſcend to Forms: She retir'd to repoſe a Moment in her Apartment, as the Reader may alſo do, if he pleaſes, after ſo buſy a Scene, before we lead him into a new Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Buſineſs of which the Reader wants either Penetration, or a good Opinion of us, if he cannot gueſs without our Aſſiſtance.

THO' our Hero was ſenſible there was nothing for him to ſay to the Lady, who had ſo frankly diſcloſed her Heart to him; he knew full well, that there was a Perſon to whom he had much to declare upon the Subject. He immediately return'd Home, and, telling his Father he had ſomething of Importance to ſay, retir'd with him to his Cloſet.

'I have been, Sir,' ſays he, 'at our 'Neighbour *Wentworth*'s'. The Father's Colour chang'd at the Name: 'I have prevented,' continues he, 'that 'Brute of a Parent from ſacrificing his 'Daughter to the Arms of *Will Stanley*.' 'And what Buſineſs,' the Father was beginning to exclaim with great Earneſtneſs and Vociferation. 'Sir,' ſays the Son, 'with great Sedateneſs, I begg'd 'you to hear me; if you refuſe it, I

'have done.' The Father, with ſome Difficulty, bridled both his Paſſion and his Voice, and the Youth proceeded: 'There is not a Thought in my Heart 'that I wou'd condeſcend to diſguiſe 'even to you: I do not love the Girl: 'I have already been at the Pains of 'conquering the firſt Attacks of that 'Paſſion. As I do not love her, I am 'an unprejudiced Judge in my own 'Cauſe, and I confeſs to you, Sir, that I 'am ſo much convinced of the Superiority of the Qualifications ſhe poſſeſſes to 'the Advantages of Fortune, that, if I 'can prevail with you to think in the ſame 'Manner, I will marry her: Without your 'Approbation, I will never do either 'that, or any thing of Conſequence.'

'THEE art mad and bewitched Lad, 'for certain,' exclaims the Father; 'they have put Love-powder in thy 'Punch, or ſome d—n'd Trick o'that 'Faſhions: Marry a draggle-tail'd 'Wench, without a Half-penny! Why, 'thee mayſt marry a Ducheſs, Boy. 'Thee muſt go to *England*, Child, to 'look after a Wife for thee; there's no 'body upon the Iſland worthy to untie 'thy Cravat. Why, Child, thee doſt'nt

'know

'know thyſelf. —— Call thee proud,
'quotha!

To an infinite deal more Matter of this Kind, which made it's Way from the good Man in an uninterruptible Torrent, the Youth very coolly anſwered: 'I aſk'd your Approbation only, Sir; 'I know you are the beſt Judge whether 'you ought to give it; and I am con-'tent with your Refuſal: You ſhall 'hear no more of this, nor will I think 'any more of it.'

The Father ſhook him by the Hand, told him he was an honeſt good Lad, and he wiſhed he had ten Times as much for his Sake; and, after bidding him, whatever he did, never demean himſelf in Marriage, walk'd whiſtling away to his Sugar-houſe. The Youth took three or four haſty Turns about the Room, then ſat down to the Eſcritore, and wrote to the Lady in the following Terms:

Madam,

'I left you abruptly an Hour ago, 'becauſe I had no Right to propoſe to 'you what I knew another muſt de-

'termine for me. I have aſk'd my Fa-
'ther's Permiſſion to offer myſelf to
'you as a Lover; he has refus'd it;
'and I ſhall never diſobey him. I
'will not give you Pain by picturing to
'you what I feel on this Occaſion; 'tis
'more friendly to tell you, that Love
'is a Paſſion you may conquer. 'Tis
'long ſince I had got the intire Maſtery
'over a Tenderneſs I much earlier con-
'ceived for you: This Accident only revi-
'ved thoſe Thoughts; and Reflection,
'as it cannot warrant, will again ſubdue,
'them.

'IF this has been poſſible, in regard
'to a Paſſion that had you for it's Ob-
'ject, doubt not but it will be eaſy to
'make any other fall to it.'

I am, Madam,

Your very Obedient,

Humble Servant,

GEORGE EDWARDS.

THE Lady had not imagined there would be ſuch an Application in her Favour. She never felt the Loſs of her Lover ſo ſeverely as now that ſhe knew how

how much he was ſo. She read his Letter over and over: She ſaw the Coldneſs of the Stile was affected; but ſhe honoured him for the Affectation. 'O 'generous Youth,' ſays ſhe 'thou knoweſt, 'indeed, the Spirit of this Paſſion: Thou 'diſdaineſt to employ a Power thou haſt 'to make me wretched! but know I 'muſt be more miſerable for, that thou 'diſdaineſt to wiſh me ſo. In this 'only thou art deceived, that thou 'ſuppoſeſt Love may be conquered. 'I know it not but for thee; but, whilſt 'thou art it's Object, Coldneſs were as 'impoſſible as Inconſtancy!'

After ſome more Soliloquies of this Kind, ſhe threw herſelf upon the Bed, refuſed Comfort of all Kinds, even Food, and pin'd in two Days into a very dangerous Diſorder.

The Phyſician of the Place (a Man who had been an Apothecary in *London*, till his Idleneſs and Debauchery, added to his Ignorance, had ruin'd him there; and who now, in a new World, and with a new Character, diſpatch'd more to the Shades than any Ten of his former Trade in *England*) did not find himſelf

able to diſcover by the Symptoms what the Diſeaſe of his Patient was; but, every body about her joining in aſſuring him it was owing to Love, he acquieſced in it. He very gravely told the Father, That *Galenical* Medicines wou'd be of no Efficacy in this Caſe; for that *Hippocrates*, the Father of Phyſic, had left it among his Writings, that

Amor nullis eſt medicabilis Herbis;

and, therefore, chymical Remedies were the only ones that could be proper, as being principally drawn from the Mineral Kingdom.

THE Father could not but ſubmit to the Opinion of a Man ſo well acquainted with *Hippocrates*; and the Daughter, tho' ſhe ſaw ſhe was doom'd a Sacrifice to the Ignorance of her Doctor, was indifferent enough about Life, to acquire the Character of a ſweet-temper'd, tractable Girl, that took her Medicines as regularly as if they had been Sweetmeats.

THE only Care of Miſs *July* was, indeed, that Mr *Edwards* ſhould not know

of her Illneſs. She was ſenſible it would have the Appearance of an Artifice, which her Soul was very much above; and tho' in ſo talking a Place as that where ſhe reſided, where ſo little new preſented itſelf at any Time, that a cut Finger was Matter of News for a Fortnight, it was impoſſible, for all her Cautions and Intreaties, abſolutely to prevent it's reaching his Ears: She contriv'd to throw People continually in his Way, who were inſtructed to tell him, they had juſt met her in the Fields, or drank Tea with her at Home; ſo that, notwithſtanding all the Harangues of the Doctor, he became convinced her Indiſpoſition was not of Conſequence enough to make either him or herſelf uneaſy.

CHAP. V.

A Treaty ſet on foot between the Father of our Hero and Uncle Jeremy. *A Voyage to* England.

PEOPLE who have but few Relations, generally take ſufficient Pains, unleſs they are poor ones, to find them out. It was now many Years ſince the Father of our Hero had trac'd back his Genealogy ſo far, as to know that he had a Relation, as he call'd him, on the Mother's Side, ſomewhere in *London*. He had been at the Pains of Inquiring, by Means of the Maſters of ſeveral Veſſels that traded backwards and forwards from their Port to that of *London*, ſo far as to ſatisfy himſelf of this Gentleman's Exiſtence and his Circumſtances, and had waited with Chriſtian Patience the Periods of many Voyages for an Explanation. He no ſooner found, however, that he was in being, and was a cloſe, rich Fellow, than he wrote to him with all the Politeneſs a *Weſt Indian* Education cou'd inſpire, to give him an Account of his Family and Affairs, and intreat

treat an Acquaintance with the only Relation he had in the World.

Mr *Jeremy Edwards* was as ſlow and as cautious, in all his Motions, as the Gentleman who had claim'd Kindred with him. It was ſeven Months before he diſcover'd whether the Letter he receiv'd was of Conſequence enough to pay it's Poſtage; and an equal Period elaps'd during the neceſſary Inquiries, as to the Situation and Connections of the Writer of it; Circumſtances which the judicious *Jeremy* never took a Man's own Word about.

At the End of this Time, it appearing that Mr *Thomas Edwards* had a Fortune; that there was but one Life between that Fortune and the ſaid *Jeremy*; and that a Life, which, if he cou'd get the Owner of it to *London*, wou'd not be worth above a Year and a Half's Purchaſe; he wrote to his dear Brother, as he call'd him, to inform him of the Joy it had been to him to receive his Letter; adding, that himſelf was declining apace, and that he thought Providence had, in this Occurrence, pointed out to him whom he ſhou'd make the

Heir of the Little Heaven had bleſs'd him with: That he was rejoic'd to hear how diſcreet and good a Lad his Nephew was; and that, as he never yet had known ſo near a Relation, he extremely wiſh'd to have the Happineſs of ſeeing him, before he dy'd: Concluding, that, as *London* was the proper Place for the Education of a young Man who was to make a Figure in the World, he was not without Hope of ſometime giving him his Bleſſing there.

UNCLE *Jeremy* was, from the Receipt of this Letter, look'd on as the Patron of the riſing Branch of the Family. The young Gentleman was everywhere call'd his Heir; and, as Fame never fails to expand her Tidings, in Proportion to the Space ſhe carries them thro', this Certainty was, on that Side the Water, never calculated at leſs than a Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Pounds Addition to his Fortune.

IN this Situation were the Affairs of the Family, when the young Gentleman had propos'd to his Father the taking Miſs *Wentworth* for a Wife. Mr *Edwards*'s own Circumſtances were vaſtly ſuperior

ſuperior to thoſe of that Lady's Parent; but the Addition expected from the Uncle ſet the Youth ſo infinitely above the Level with ſuch a Family, that his Father would have thought it as proper for a Prince of the Blood to marry a Scullion, as for his Son and the Heir of his Brother to condeſcend to look upon the Daughter of a poor Planter.

His utter Diſapprobation had put a final Period to the Lover's Intentions; and the Lady had reconcil'd it to herſelf to loſe him, when our Hero, having employ'd a young Negro Wench of the next Plantation on ſome trivial Meſſage, and, almoſt accidentally, aſk'd her at her Return if ſhe had ſeen her young Miſtreſs that Day, found, by that unguarded Innocent, that the Doctor had given her over two Days, and that his Ignorance of her Situation had been owing to her Care of having it kept from him.

Young *Edwards* had a Heart too ſenſible and too generous not to feel the preſent Circumſtance as it ought, as well as too open and ingenuous to conceal it's Sentiments. He ran immediately

to

to his Father: 'This generous young 'Creature, Sir, is dying for me, and 'has induſtriouſly conceal'd it from my 'Knowledge: If you have Compaſſion 'or Humanity, nay, if you have but 'Juſtice, do not make me acceſſary to 'the Death of one who loves me, and 'who, if you wou'd judge diſintereſted-'ly, you wou'd own more than deſerves 'me. You ſay I muſt not marry her, 'becauſe my Fortune is immenſely great, 'and her's is nothing: 'Tis therefore, Sir, 'that I ſhou'd marry her: Leſs than what 'I ſhall have wou'd be more than enough; 'and what cou'd I, what ought my Fa-'ther to wiſh more, than to confer an 'Obligation on one who has it in her 'Power to return it a thouſand Fold, 'to make me happy for ever. —— Can 'I ſuffer her to die in Miſery, who wiſhes 'nothing but to make me live in Hap-'pineſs.'

'WHY,' replies the Father, 'as for 'your marrying her, *George*, for the 'Matter of that, I ſhou'd not be ſo 'much againſt it if I was ſure as how 'ſhe wou'd die for certain within this 'Day or two; for, ſo far as that goes, 'I wou'd not wiſh her to die miſerable,

'as

'as you ſay, no more nor yourſelf; but, 'as for that Doctor, you know ever 'ſince a told me as how *Dobbin* was 'only lazy, and the poor Thing died 'in the Mill but three Quarters of an 'Hour afterwards, I'm reſolv'd never 'to take his Word about any Soul's Life 'or Death again. Beſides all that, 'Women are deceitful, as every body 'knows; and mahap this is no more 'nor a Trick, and ſhe'll no ſooner a 'got you faſt but ſhe'll jump out a Bed, 'and tell you as how ſhe'll live to make 'your Heart ach.'

'Sir,' replies the Youth with great Earneſtneſs, 'I have promis'd to obey 'you: You cannot aſk more of me; 'but I will not hear an unhappy Crea-'ture, one whom I have made ſo, 'treated with this Cruelty, while ſhe 'is dying for me.'——He was going on with great Impetuoſity, when the old Man ſtopp'd him, by telling him they had Things of more Conſequence to talk about. 'Captain *Jervas*,' ſays he, 'ſails o' *Tueſday*: You know well 'enough how much your Uncle *Jeremy* 'has long'd to ſee you: Now's your 'Time to go. There's nothing in the

'varſal

'varſal World ſo good as a Voyage to '*England* to cure a Love Fit: Beſides, 'if you ever deſign to make a Man of 'yourſelf, now's your Time, while you 'are young, to do it.'

THE Youth ſtarted at the Propoſal; but the Father inſiſted on his Compliance. His Unwillingneſs, the Source of which it was very eaſy to ſee, made the Father the more reſolute. An implicit Obedience to a Parent's Authority was one of the fix'd Principles in the Mind of this generous Youth: In Conſequence of this he ſubmitted to the cruel Sentence that was now paſs'd upon him, and, from mere Compaſſion both to himſelf and the Lady, avoided ſo tender and diſtreſsful a Scene as taking Leave of her. Excluſively of what himſelf muſt have felt from it, he conſider'd that the Shock might deſtroy a Perſon of her weak Frame in her preſent Situation, and, as the Sentence of his Father was irrevocable, that it cou'd produce no Good to either.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Our Hero join'd by a Companion whom he neither knew nor expected.

MR *Wentworth*, the Father of the unhappy *July*, had a Brother, a Man of great Worth and Honour, who had ſerv'd in the Army many Years. He had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf at the Affair of *Dettingen*, and had been found among the Dead on the fatal Field of *Preſton-Pans*; not fallen, like the Stragglers of that unhappy Day, alone, and with his Heels neareſt the Scene of Action; but, like the *Roman Cataline*, *longe a ſuis*, far from his own People, cover'd over with Wounds, and in the Midſt of the ſlaughter'd Ranks of the Enemy.

DEEDS worthy of Reward often meet with it, while they ſeem to diſdain it. An Officer among our own butcher'd Troops might poſſibly have been left dying many Days with leſs Hurts; but the Commander of the oppoſite Handful, whoſe Heart, however unjuſtifiable his Enterpriſe had been, was full of Honour and Compaſſion, no ſooner ſaw, among the

largeſt Slaughter of his Friends, an Enemy yet breathing, under ſuch accumulated Means of Death, than he order'd his own Surgeons to attend him; in fine, he ſaw him cur'd; offer'd him his own Conditions, if he wou'd engage in his Cauſe; and, when he found his Loyalty to his Sovereign unſhaken, gave him his Liberty; telling him, 'You are my ——— 'tho' you will not be my Friend: I 'think myſelf happy in having pre-'ſerv'd a Life ſo valuable, tho' it be to 'fight againſt me.' The Priſoner took his Leave with a Heart, tho' unalterable in it's Principles, yet pierc'd with the Senſe of his Preſerver's Virtues. He determin'd to change the Scene of his Services, that he might not lift his Arm immediately againſt the Perſon to whom he ow'd his Life. He quitted the Regiment he was at that Time in, and, turning his whole Fortune into Caſh, rais'd a Company at his own Expence, and embark'd with them on the *American* Service.

MR *Wentworth* was leſs ſucceſsful in this generous Attempt than he deſerv'd to have been: He had the Misfortune to find a Peace proclaim'd, before he came to

to the deſtin'd Scene of his Operations. He diſbanded his Company, and, having no Buſineſs in *England* but the ſolliciting ſome Employ as a Reward for his intended Services, he truſted that to his Friends, while he remained in *Nova Scotia*. After receiving repeated Refuſals, he retir'd to his Brother's Plantation, out of Humour with the World, and determin'd to have no farther Communication with it.

The Brave and Virtuous naturally love thoſe who are like themſelves. This Gentleman, tho' he had liv'd now three Months with his Brother, had ſhut himſelf up with a few favourite Books, and had made a Point of it to be private and ſecret. His Brother was not qualify'd to profit by, or join in, his Converſation. They met only at Meals, and only ſuch of thoſe as no other Company were preſent at; and it was ſcarce known that there was any body beſide the uſual Family in the Houſe by any of the Iſland.

Tho' Mr *Wentworth* had deſpis'd and avoided the Company of his Brother, it was much otherwiſe, however, with regard

gard to his charming Daughter. *Juliet* had been the Companion of many of his retir'd Hours. She had become enamour'd of his Virtues, even from his own modeſt Accounts of the Incidents under which they had come in Action; and, in Return, had made him the Confidant of her Amour, if her Situation with young *Edwards* cou'd be call'd ſuch.

HE had entertain'd the higheſt Notions of that young Gentleman's Gallantry and Honour, from her Accounts of the ſhort Scenes in which he had been concern'd with her; and his whole Conduct, as related by others, ſo perfectly agreed with the Character ſhe had given him, that he lov'd him, tho' he had not yet ſeen him, little leſs than the poor Girl, who now deſpair'd of him.

MR *Wentworth* communicated to his Niece his Reſolution of going over to *England* with him. She was charm'd with the Thought of having, by this Means, if ſhe ſhou'd live, an Opportunity of continually hearing of her Lover, and was not a little pleas'd with the Thought of his having a Man who ſo well

well knew the World near him, in the Scene of Temptation he was launching into.

Mr *Wentworth* took his laſt Inſtructions from the unhappy *July*, which he engaged his Honour to adhere punctually to; and, borrowing a ſmall Sum of his Brother, embark'd that Night in the ſame Veſſel with our Hero. He had, immediately, on his ſetting Foot on board the Veſſel, enquir'd after Mr *Edwards*, and no ſooner ſaw it under Sail, than he inform'd him, with much Preparation, that Miſs *Juliet Wentworth* was dead.

The Tears our Hero ſhed on that Occaſion endear'd him to his new Friend for ever. People, leſs calculated for being happy with one another, wou'd have contracted a Familiarity from a Neceſſity of being ſeveral Weeks together; but theſe made a Friendſhip that never afterwards was diſſolv'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A Meeting of our Hero with his Uncle; his Friend is reduced to a very unlucky Perplexity.

THE *Weſt Indies*, to People who don't game, is a Place of very moderate Expence: The utmoſt a Man's Friends expect of him, is to make them drunk as often as they come to ſee him; and that as well there, as here, is to be done on very moderate Conditions. The Father of our Hero had furniſhed him, on his Departure, with Bills, to the Amount of five hundred Pounds Sterling, with which he thought he might make a very good Figure, for the ſeven Months he intended he ſhould ſtay in *London*: He had given him, however, a general Order on his Correſpondents, in Caſe of Deficiencies, and an unlimited Bill of Credit on his Uncle *Jeremy*. To this Gentleman's Care he recommended him in a very preſſing Manner; telling him, that it was altogether upon his Account that he ſent him over, as he had expreſſed ſuch a great Deſire to ſee him; and adding that, if the Money

he

he had given him was not ſufficient to maintain him like his Son, he deſired he would advance whatever was proper, and that he would anſwer his Bills, on Demand, to the Amount of it.

Uncle *Jeremy* received this Letter and his Nephew together, at *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe, as he was one Evening enjoying the Smell of Chocolate, and pouring down his Water, together with the Effluvia of that richer Liquor, as the Boys, on any Occaſion, opened the Pots. The young Gentleman, after an eaſy Voyage, had arrived that Afternoon in *London*, with his Friend, who now, with much Complaiſance, preſented him to the old Gentleman, and told him, how much his Brother entruſted to his Care, when he committed his ſo belov'd Son to him.

The old Gentleman, to avoid Miſtakes, read the Letter his Nephew preſented to him, before he uttered a ſingle Syllable: He then, putting on his Spectacles, and raiſing the Youth's Face, by putting his Hand under his Chin, told him, he was a very comely Lad, and had the Family-Face; for that, if

he

he knew any thing of his own Features, he was very like him; and immediately after turning to his Companion, 'But, 'pray Sir,' ſays he, 'who may you be, 'for I don't read any thing about you 'in the Letter.

THIS abrupt Queſtion, while it a good deal ſhocked the natural Politeneſs of the young Gentleman, plunged the Perſon, to whom it was addreſſed, into an almoſt inextricable Difficulty: To acknowledge who he was, were to have diſconcerted his whole future Plan; and he had not, during the whole Voyage, recollected, that tho' the young Gentleman had never queſtioned him farther in any thing than he choſe, this was a Query very natural to have come from ſomebody elſe, tho' he had no Right to have expected it, perhaps, quite ſo early. He heſitated a few Moments, and then anſwered, That his Name was *Spence*; that he was an Acquaintance of his Brother's, and had came over in the ſame Ship with the young Gentleman.

'SIR,' ſays the old Fellow very ſourly, 'I muſt needs tell you, that I 'think you are not a great deal better

'than

'than you ſhould be: And I ſhall de-
'ſire my Nephew to ſhake off all ſuch
'Acquaintances; the ſooner the better.
'There can't be much Good, I am ſure,
'in a Man, who is afraid to tell his
'Name when he is aſk'd it: As for
'your knowing his Father, I don't hear
'any thing about it: Nephew, tell me
'the Truth, did you ever ſee him
'there? And as to your coming over
'in the ſame Ship with him, and there-
'fore pretending to be acquainted, in
'my Mind 'tis much like a Man that
'came here ſome Years ago to borrow
'forty Pounds of me, becauſe we had
'once dined at the ſame Chophouſe to-
'gether.'

The Nephew having made no Anſwer to the Interrogatory put to him, in the midſt of the preceding Sentence, the old Gentleman repeated it with ſome Vehemence, charging him, as he valued his Friendſhip, to tell him the Truth. 'Sir,' replied our Hero, 'I will never do o-
'therwiſe: I do not know that this
'Gentleman is acquainted with my Fa-
'ther; but, Sir, I know him, and I
'have Reaſon to love and honour him,
'as I am ſure you will do, when you
'know him, too.' 'Yes, I believe I

'ſhall, when I know him,' replies the old Man with a Sneer of ſelf-applauded Cunning, 'you are a Child, and have 'ſeen nothing of the World; come, 'confeſs the Truth to me, did you ever 'ſee him yourſelf, before you met 'aboard the Veſſel? Or do you know 'any body that belongs to him?' To theſe unlucky Queſtions the Youth was obliged to anſwer alſo in the Negative; and the old Fellow continued, 'Aye, 'aye, I ſee it at once; you don't find 'out yet, I ſuppoſe, Nephew, that this 'Fellow has been lurking all this while 'about you, to devour you: You own 'you did not know any thing of him 'till he came aboard; and I dare ſay, 'if the Truth were out, he never 'came there neither, till the Veſſel was 'in the River. Aye, aye! you're a 'goodly one, I warrant you,' ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to the ſuſpected Perſon! 'You had better get away while 'you are well, for fear ſomebody here 'ſhould know you better than you de'ſire preſently. A Gang of 'em, Ne'phew, continued he, a Gang of 'em, 'a Pack of *Iriſh* Sharpers, that watch 'about the Veſſels as they come in, juſt 'as the Bawds and recruiting Serjeants 'do about the Country Waggons, to

'kidnap

'kidnap every raw thing that comes in 'their Way.

MR *Spenſe*, as we ſhall, according to his own Declaration, hereafter call that Gentleman, in this Hiſtory, was all this while taking ſhort Turns about the Coffee-houſe, biting his Lips, and changing Colour ten times in a Minute: He was rather vexed with the Circumſtances of the old Man's Miſtake, than angry at the Conſequences of it; and was curſing Fortune very heartily, for involving him in a Difficulty that he had a Right to be cleared of, though ſhe had deny'd him the Means of it. The old Fellow ſaw all his Confuſion, and attributed it to Guilt. 'You ſee, Ne-'phew,' ſays he, 'how mad he is 'that he is found out: I found he was 'a Lyar.'———

THIS was too much for the Patience of the Accuſed; though he had bore the heavieſt Imputations with Temper, *Lyar* was a Word there was no ſwallowing. 'Sir,' ſays he, going up to the Uncle with great Severity of Countenance, 'I 'hardly blame you for your Suſpi-'cions—I own, Appearances are againſt

'me—I believe a Love for your Ne-
'phew, not any Enmity to me, who
'am a Stranger to you, has been your
'Motive, and I eſteem you for it: But,
'Sir, only Appearances are againſt me;
'and, till I have ſatisfied you of this, I
'beg no more ſuch harſh Words may
'be uſed in regard to me.' The Uncle told him, there ſhould no farther Words at all paſs between them, for that he ſhould inſiſt upon his Nephew's having no farther Acquaintance with him; 'and as to myſelf, Sir,' ſays he, 'I be-
'lieve I know the World too well for
'you:' So ſaying, he took his Nephew by the Arm, and led him away, without giving him an Opportunity of ſo much as ſpeaking to his ſuſpected Acquaintance.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Mr Edwards *puts himſelf under the Care of his Uncle: His Friend is not treated quite ſo well as he deſerves.*

THE Converſation, recorded in the preceding Chapter, had paſſed at a Time when the Coffee-houſe was full of Company: The Eyes of every body were upon Mr *Spenſe*, as he was now left alone in the Room; and as People are naturally inquiſitive about every Stranger who mixes himſelf among them, and are ever ready to believe the worſt that can be ſaid of him, they all agreed that the old Gentleman had Reaſon for every thing he had ſaid. Some rejoiced in the poor young Fellow's Eſcape; ſome obſerved that he had it all ſtrong upon him; and one of the Company inſiſted upon it, that he had ſeen him fifty times with *Maclane*. Mr *Spence*, full of the Vexation of ſo unexpected, ſo unmerited a Cenſure, as he ſaw he now lay under on all Hands, threw himſelf upon one of the Benches, and was preſſing his Forehead with his left Hand as he lean'd upon it; when, in Conſequence

of one of the Company's whiſpering ſomething to the Woman of the Houſe, he found none of the Boys would ſtir to bring him any thing he called for. He took care to aſſure himſelf of the Truth of this, by giving his Orders to two or three of the Waiters ſeparately, and at length enquiring the Cauſe of their Neglect at the Bar, when he had heard it, he walked deliberately to the upper End of the Room, directing his Eyes alternately to the Company on both ſides, and ſpeaking very compoſedly and deliberately, 'Gentlemen, which of you 'is it, that ſuppoſes me not proper 'Company for him at a Coffee-houſe?' No Anſwer was made to this, as he went up the Room; and, after the ſame Ceremony in paſſing back again, he ſaid to the Lady at the Bar, 'Madam, 'you find you was miſtaken; let me 'have a Diſh of Coffee.'

IF this Circumſtance had thoroughly ruffled him, his Temper was put to a much ſeverer Trial a few Minutes after; a Porter, while he was drinking his Coffee, delivering him the following Letter:

SIR,

SIR,

'I am greatly concerned at the unworthy Treatment you received from my Uncle a few Minutes ſince: I need not tell you, that his Suſpicions have no Weight with me; but, as my Father has made me accountable to him for my Conduct, you will not blame me that, till you have convinced him of his Error, which I know you can eaſily do, I pay the Reſpect I am commanded to his Admonitions, and am not upon the Footing I have been uſed to be, and wiſh ever to be, with you.

'MANY Things I have occaſionally ſaid, have, I believe, given you Reaſon to depend upon my Friendſhip. I muſt be a Villain to leave you deprived of it's Aſſiſtance, juſt on your Arrival, when you are poſſibly unprepared for ſo improbable an Event. It is to wipe off ſo black a Stain from my own Character, that I take the Liberty of incloſing a Bill for a hundred Pounds to you, and of aſſuring you, at the ſame Time, that there is nothing

'you may not at all times command,
'that is in the Power of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and

moſt obedient humble Servant,

GEORGE EDWARDS.

HAD the Money been immediately neceſſary to Mr *Spence*, he would not have willingly accepted it on ſuch Conditions: He endeavoured to return it, but found the Youth had made every Attempt of that kind impracticable. The oftener he read the Letter, the more Reaſon he ſaw to acquit the young Man of any Fault toward him: He ſaw that he behaved as he ought, tho' at the Expence of no little Pain to himſelf; and, for his own Part, he could only curſe the malicious Perplexity that attended his Fortune.

UNCLE *Jeremy* could have been well content to have received more timely Notice of the Arrival of his Nephew: For the preſent, however, to prevent his falling

falling into ill Hands, he had taken him to his Lodgings, and, with many Apologies for the Meanneſs of the Accommodation, put him into his own Bed, promiſing to find a proper Apartment for him the next Day; and borrowing, for that Night, the Bed of a Servant then in the Country, who had Chambers over him, for himſelf and the Partner of his Joys.

THE young Gentleman, who had not lain ſtill for ſome Weeks before, ſlept pretty ſoundly in his new Lodging, in Defiance of a conſiderable Number of Acquaintance that had picked him up there. As to the Uncle, his Head was too full of the Advantages he intended to make of his Nephew, to ſuffer him once ſo much as to cloſe his Eyes, or to remember that the blooming *Ruth* was beſide him. For the Reſult of his Projects, the gentle Reader muſt, however, begin his Attack upon the ſecond Book of this our Hiſtory.

WE have brought our Hero from the new World to the old, or, to ſpeak more appropriately to his own Circum-

ſtance, from the old World to a new one (Pardon us Geographers, if, in Juſtification of this new Phraſe, we affirm that we verily believe one of theſe Worlds, as they are called, to be as old as the other) and here we cloſe the firſt Book.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF Mr George Edwards, A CREOLE.

BOOK the Second, In which our Hero commences a Man of Pleasure.

CHAP. I.

A Coffee-house Acquaintance offers his Services to Mr Edwards.

MR *Jeremy Edwards*, with whose midnight Meditations we closed the preceding Book, summed up the whole toward Morning, in the two following Propositions, That a young *Creole*, who comes to *England* for Education, is the Bubble of every

one who has the leaſt Talent at cheating; and that, if a Man is to be ſtripp'd, the Money had better fall into the Hands of his own Family, than among Strangers. In Conſequence of this, he determined to have as much as poſſible of the Advantages of his Nephew's Deſtruction to himſelf; and another Reaſon, which the Reader may poſſibly gueſs at, made him reſolve that the Profit of it ſhould be as great as it could. The Youth, he imagined, ſhewed a very happy Genius for being impoſed on: The apparent Openneſs of his Temper ſeemed to prove this; and the unlimited Bill of Credit his Father had given him, ſatisfy'd the Uſurer, that it was but at the Expence of a Quarrel with that Gentleman, that he might ſtrip him of half his Fortune.

IT has been obſerved, that there is no Species of News which does not enlarge, in Proportion to the Space thro' which it is carry'd; and it may be added, that no Article of News is ſure to receive ſo very conſiderable Increaſe in it's Travels, as that which relates to a Man's Fortune: If a Perſon's Eſtate be within twenty Miles of *London*, two hundred

hundred Pounds a Year hardly gives him the Credit of five; if it be ſituated in *Yorkſhire*, the ſame Capital naturally riſes to eight; and, if in *Cornwall*, not a Knight of the Land's End, but makes it fifteen hundred, and as good Land as ever Crow flew over: From *Ireland*, no Man of any Degree of Figure ever arrived with leſs than an Eſtate of five and twenty hundred Pounds a Year; and the general Allowance to the *Weſt Indies* is twelve thouſand; or, in a good Year for Sugar, twice as much.

THE Hero of our Story, who had met with the Fame of his Uncle's Fortune increaſed in this Proportion in *America*, found his Father's was not without the common Advantage in *England*: He determined, to give himſelf the better Figure, to take up the Credit of both at the diſtant Account; and, accordingly, every Corner of *Will*'s Coffee-houſe heard, the next Morning, that the young Fellow they had ſeen with the old Uſurer there over Night, was worth twelve thouſand Pounds a Year, and a hundred and fifty thouſand Pounds in ready Money: The News had not ſpread to the *Exchange*, before

it

it was affirmed, that every Plantation upon the Spot was mortgaged to him; and, at *St James*'s Coffee-houſe, every body was convinced of his being come over, with an Intent to purchaſe the Iſland.

HE no ſooner entered *Will*'s the following Day, than every Man, who had but ſat upon the ſame Bench with his Uncle for the laſt Fortnight, begged to be introduced to his Acquaintance. Seignior *Squalli* whiſper'd the old Fellow, that he was confident he read a Taſte for Muſic in his Countenance: Mr *Pair'em* begged to know, whether he was engaged as to Matrimony, for that he was daily applied to by Women from a hundred, to a hundred and fifty thouſand, to look out prudential Matches for them; and the humble Mr *Stanza*, after hinting at ſome little Merit in his Monody on the Death of the Prince of *Wales*, intreated to know, whether a congratulatory Addreſs to the young Gentleman, on his Arrival in *England*, with ſome proper Honours to his Family, might not prove agreeable.

WHILE

WHILE all theſe were attacking the old Gentleman at once, as if every one intended to have a ſeparate Limb of him, a tall, rawbon'd, ill-made Fellow, in a Velvet Coat of ten Colours, and with the Addreſs of a Chairman, made up to the Youth himſelf: 'Sir, ſays he, me be de *fair Connoitre*, de *Guardian*, de what me verily believe you call in *Engliſh* de *Pimpe*——me be ver well wid all de Demireps of dis Place, and me can introduce the Chevalier ſans Peine to dem all round. My Face, Monſieur, may be your Security, that me no rival thoſe who do me de great Honour to employe me; but, if you doubt, me will give you *dans une autre Chambre ſuffiſante Prove*, that it is impoſſible.——'

MONSIEUR *le Guardian* was going on very earneſtly, when the old Man, who had by this time got rid of his new Friends, ſeized the Youth by the Arm with great Violence, and paid no ſort of Regard to the *ſacre Dieu! quel Bougre!* of the Foreigner, as he hawl'd him out of the Room. He ſoon ſaw there was no Way of keeping his Nephew long

to himſelf; and he determined to make the beſt Uſe of the ſhort Opportunity he ſaw before him. He hurry'd him Home with all poſſible Expedition; and told him it was by no means proper he ſhould appear in Public, till he was properly lodged and habited, and that he would immediately take the proper Meaſures, in regard to both thoſe Articles.

CHAP.

CAAP. II.

Preparations made by Uncle Jeremy *for our Hero's making a Figure.*

IN a Corner of one of the worſt Squares in Town, there ſtand, and indeed hardly ſtand, two Houſes, which ſeem to have been the Habitations of the Grandfathers of the People who built the reſt of the Square: Theſe, half an Age ago, fell into the Hands of the Ground-Landlord; but his Finances neither ſuffering him to rebuild, nor repair them, they had added eleven Years and a half to their Antiquity, in an entirely uſeleſs State, when an enterpriſing Son of *Mammon*, who had long before quitted the Occupation of a Botcher, to rival People of fifty other Trades by underſelling them, made his Applications to the unhappy Proprietor, as he was one Day mournfully meditating under their Windows, and purchaſed them of him at a Rate at which he could not poſſibly be a Loſer, unleſs ſomebody could have contrived to annihilate the Materials.

UNCLE

UNCLE *Jeremy* had, by Accident, heard the Circumſtances of this Bargain, not without much Regret that it had not been his own, inſtead of this univerſal Interloper's, whom ſome ſtrong Reports, in regard to his Connexions with Lord *Squander* and young *Daſh*, had render'd much to be ſuſpected of changing his varied Trade into the ſingle, profitable Branch, at this time almoſt ſolely occupied by the ſaid *Jeremy*.

THESE, and ſome other Motives which we are aſhamed to confeſs we believe had their Origin from Envy at the renegade Botcher's Succeſs in the World, determined *Jeremy* to viſit theſe Houſes; and, at the ſame Time that he made a cheap Purchaſe, to draw in the preſent Proprietor to an ill Bargain, if poſſible, by means of the very Artifices by which himſelf had the Advantage of the reſt of the World.

ONE of the Houſes was already ſold to a Gentleman of great Fame, whoſe Knowledge, it appeared by this Inſtance, however, conſiſted more in old Words, than in old Houſes. The other Mr *Edwards*

wards, enter'd immediately into Treaty about, and informing the metamorphos'd Botcher that he knew the Price he had bought them at, and dropping at the ſame Time a caſual Hint that the Houſe he was about to purchaſe muſt be *furniſh'd*, he obtain'd it at the very Price at which it had been purchas'd of the late Proprietor; and hardly ſuffer'd the Perſon who ſold it him to make Two Hundred and Eighty *per Cent.* of his Money by both Bargains.

Mr *Edwards*, tho' he did not pay quite Two Hundred Pounds for this Bargain, immediately enter'd it in his Account, a large Houſe in **** *Square*, bought at One Thouſand, Four Hundred, and Sixty Pounds. **** *Square*, he conſider'd, had a very good Sound, and a large Houſe, in a Square in a polite End of the Town, he knew his Brother cou'd not think dear at that Price. All he had to take Care of was, the not ſuffering it to be ſold again till they had ſettled their Accounts; and this he knew it was his own Fault, if he permitted.

From the Seat of this Purchaſe it was but a ſhort Walk to *Monmouth-ſtreet*.

The

The provident old Gentleman enter'd every open Door in the Row, that is, every Door in it, and, after taking Notes of what he found to his Purpoſe in each Shop, he came back to that where he had met with moſt old-faſhion'd Finery, and, agreeing for two full-lac'd Suits that had been worn at the laſt Coronation but one, he order'd the Lace to be taken off from each, and clean'd; bought a cheap Cloth in the Shop for the new Trimming with this Finery, and immediately ſent the Foreman of the Shop to meaſure his Nephew for two new Suits; agreeing with the Maſter to make up the two that he had ſtripp'd, for his own Wear, into the Bargain.

MR *Jeremy Edwards* was an Enemy to all Bills, and, of all the Bills in the World, to thoſe of Taylors. He had purchas'd the two rich Suits outright; he now bargain'd for the Materials and Workmanſhip of the New, in his uſual Way: And in fine, after paying Twenty-ſeven Pounds for the Two, to be deliver'd compleat the next Evening, and charging them in his Account under the Title of two very rich lac'd Suits, One Hundred and Forty Pounds, he clos'd his

his Book; and his Countenance declar'd a ſufficient Applauſe at his Addreſs and Œconomy.

THO' the Profits of the Day's Expedition were already conſiderably greater than he had ever made in a Twelvemonth before, it was a Day of too much Buſineſs for him to go Home with ſo little of it done. He pick'd up the firſt Upholſterer, whoſe Shop he paſs'd by, and, taking him to the Houſe he had juſt come into Poſſeſſion of, began talking with him of the Furniture of the firſt Floor. This Part of the Houſe, which he prudently conſider'd was all that People ever were to ſee, he determin'd to ſet out handſomely; as to the reſt, he had more frugal Thoughts about it.

THE Man of whom Mr *Edwards* had made the Purchaſe, was inform'd, by the Perſon who open'd the Door to him, that he had juſt carry'd in their Neighbour, Mr *Settee*, with him. The enrag'd Botcher follow'd with the utmoſt Expedition, and juſt enter'd the Room, as his Rival *Settee*, who had been punctually inform'd of the Circumſtances of the intended Furniture, and had been told,

told, that, if he did not ſet it at the loweſt living Price, another wou'd be employ'd to do it, had deliver'd his Eſtimate at Three Hundred and Eighty Pounds. There was an additional Circumſtance to all the Admonitions which Mr *Edwards* had given *Settee* as to the Lowneſs of Price, which operated not a little in his Cauſe: This Tradeſman and his Neighbour had long been envious Rivals of each other's growing Buſineſs, and the Pride of being employ'd, in the very Houſe of his Arch-enemy, had now ſpirited up *Settee* to engage in the furniſhing this Apartment at a Price at which himſelf muſt, in Reality, have been a Loſer.

THE late Owner of the Houſe, who had a little recover'd his Breath, while the other was delivering his Eſtimate, now told Mr *Edwards*, 'That he thought 'he hardly us'd him fairly; that he had 'ſold him the Houſe, as he very well, 'knew, at no Profit, entirely on the 'Proſpect of furniſhing it: That' —— He was going on at this Rate, with a Volubility and Vociferation that wou'd have been troubleſome enough, when Mr

Mr *Edwards* very mildly check'd him in this Manner: 'I believe, Mr ****, 'that you really did let me into the 'Houſe cheap, to make yourſelf amends 'in the furniſhing it. But, Sir, why all 'this Paſſion? 'Tis only the firſt Floor, 'not the whole Houſe, that we are 'talking about. I am engag'd in 'Honour to make my Nephew's Mo-'ney go as far as it can, and this Gen-'tleman, I believe, has anſwer'd the 'Recommendation I had of him from 'my Couſin *Spare*; and I really think 'has ſet the Things ſo low, that no Man, 'to have a living Profit, cou'd make 'them cheaper.'

SETTEE inſiſted on it that he had done this; and his Rival hinted that he did not believe it. They grew warm apace, and a Quarrel wou'd certainly have enſu'd in a few Minutes, that many People who had hated the quondam Botcher as heartily as *Edwards* did, wou'd have had ſufficient Entertainment in. His Gratifications, however, were of a more rational Kind. He ſaw he cou'd make an Advantage of their Paſſions, by employing them againſt one another; and, inſtead

inſtead of fomenting the Diſpute in the Way it was going into, he ſaid, very coolly, 'Gentlemen, the Period of this 'Diſpute, at preſent, portends no Good 'to either of you: I am ſorry that I 'have been the Occaſion of it, and I 'beg I may put an amicable End to it.' 'Mr *Settee*,' continues he, 'I am cer-'tain you have made your Eſtimate ſo 'moderate, that no Man can under-'work you; let your Neighbour ſee 'the Liſt of Particulars, and declare 'upon his Honour whether he can fur-'niſh them cheaper; if not, why he 'can't blame me for taking Care of 'Money that is not my own; and you 'may finiſh with all Expedition.'

SETTEE, who knew the Terms he had computed upon, conſented to this, with an Air of great Triumph; telling Mr *Edwards*, 'You will now 'ſee, Sir, in how fair a Manner I have 'dealt with you, ſince even this Rival 'in the Buſineſs, as vex'd as he is to 'loſe the Job, won't pretend I have 'over-rated any Article.'

THO'

THO' *Settee* was well enough acquainted with his own Reaſons, he was miſtaken in thinking he cou'd ſee deep enough into his Antagoniſt's, to be ſure of Succeſs in this Incident. It is true, that this Gentleman found every Article in the Account charg'd under the intrinſic Value, but conſidering that he had ſtill the Furniture of twelve Rooms, by which he might make himſelf amends for any Injury he ſhou'd do himſelf in regard to theſe, he very boldly told *Settee*, 'Sir, I know you depend upon 'my Honour in this Caſe, and will 'make a raving about betraying the Se-'crets of the Trade, upon my Speaking; 'but, Sir, I ſhall not ſee my Friend's 'Pocket pick'd upon any Conſideration 'whatſomever.' 'Mr *Edwards*,' continues he, 'you ſhall ſee how conſcien-'tious a Dealer that Gentleman is, in a 'Minute, Sir—I will engage to do this for 'a Hundred Pounds leſs than he offers 'it at.' Mr *Edwards*, who proteſted he underſtood not theſe Affairs, cou'd ſay nothing to this, but offer the Alternative to Mr *Settee* of taking the Job on theſe Terms, or leaving it. On his declining

clining it, with ſome very harſh Words to his Antagoniſt, he told him he was ſorry for the Trouble he had given him in coming; and, leaving the other to loſe about a Hundred and Thirty Pounds, with all poſſible Expedition he bought the Furniture for the reſt of the Houſe in his Way Home thro' *Knaves-Acre*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Containing a Love-letter and a Portrait of the first Jewel in the Creation.

OUR Hero, during the Abſence of his Uncle on theſe important Occaſions, had made a ſhort Excurſion from his Lodgings: He had ventur'd as far as the *New Bridge* one way, and to *Charing-Croſs* the other. This was indeed againſt the expreſs Commands of Mr *Jeremy*, and poſſibly he would not have ventured to do it, had not Mr *Le Guardien* been accidentally walking at a little Diſtance from the Door, as he had opened it, half determined, and half afraid, to look a little about him.

THIS good-natur'd Gentleman immediately offered his Service: He gave him a Taſte of the Wine at *Stevenſon*'s, explained to him the Beauties of the Equeſtrian Statue at the other Extremity of his Journey, and, in their Way back, led him into the beſt Shop in Town to buy his Toothpicks and Lavender Water.

OUR Hero was by no Means ſatisfied with the Behaviour of his Companion; his Civilities were too forc'd, his Offers of Friendſhip and Service too exaggerated, and his whole Manner too diſtant from what his Habit beſpoke him, to gain him any Credit with a Man of his Judgment: He made him a cool Compliment as he turned in at the Gate, and took his Leave, without any Deſire of renewing the Acquaintance.

THE young Gentleman had got Home, before his Uncle, and was making ſome formidable Attacks upon the Virtue of Mrs *Ruth*, when a Porter delivered into the Hands of that fair one, as ſhe attended his Summons from the Door, a ſquare Piece of painted Paper, which was ſo very unlike every thing ſhe had ſeen before, that ſhe was preparing to lay it by with the utmoſt Care, till the Return of her Maſter. The Interruption of the Lover's Attack had only given new Vigour to it; he was ſeizing on her ſwelling Breaſt, and about to rifle ten thouſand Charms at once, when he diſcovered on this Paper, in the Midſt of a Crowd

Crowd of painted *Cupids*, bleeding Hearts, and ſuppliant *Venus*'s, the Name of ——— *Edwards*, Junr. Eſq; uſhered in with the Title of the Honourable.

He ſeized upon the Letter with great Eagerneſs; and whether it was that he recollected he could have *Ruth* at any time, or that one Paſſion naturally falls before another in the human Breaſt, he left the ruffled Damſel, we ſhould have ſaid, to adjuſt her Tucker, if ſhe had worn any ſuch Ornament, and, haſtily opening the Seal of this *French* Caſe, dropped a folded Paper out of it. When he had open'd this, he found it ornamented with a Margin full of the ſame emblematic Figures that were on the Cover, and in the Space within that enchanting Verge it contain'd the following Addreſs, written in a very ſmall, and not very plain, Hand, and in Lines of different Lengths and Diſtances:

The Roſe and Lily dwell upon thy Cheek,
And in thoſe Eyes doth every Virtue ſpeak.

Thy Shape like Harkilus *thy Strength declares,*
And every Part the Stamp of Manhood bears.
To ſee thee and to love thee is the ſame,
And who is ſhe can love and hide her Flame?
I think not of Succeſs, for all that I
Intend is but to tell thee this, and die.

'THE Gardener, when he incloſeth his 'Ground, planneth out his Walks, and 'ſaith unto his Attendants, Here ſhall 'riſe the Mount, here wind the Stream, 'and here extend the Graſsplat; yet re-'membereth that Lawns, Water, Mounts, 'and Terraces, do not make a Garden: 'It is in vain that Tree anſwereth to 'Tree, that Shade here receiveth us 'from Sunſhine; and that there Sun-'ſhine inviteth us from the Shade; it is 'not yet compleat: Nature may do all 'this: The Tulip muſt invite the Eye 'with it's Painting, the Lily muſt 'charm with it's Whiteneſs, and the 'Muſk-flower fill the Senſe with Sweets; 'or it is a Park and not a Garden.

'THUS I have, in vain, ornamented 'my Apartments; in vain the gilded

'Foliage

'Foliage invites me to look into the 'Glaſs; in vain the Crimſon Couch 'receiveth my ſinking Limbs; in vain 'the riſing Bed calleth to be preſs'd; if 'thou my Flower, my Bloſſom, thou 'who art Lily, Tulip, and Muſk to-'gether; thou whoſe Form feaſteth 'every Senſe at once, refuſeſt to come 'to me. I have many other Sentiments 'to communicate to you, but theſe are 'too much to be told on that which 'cannot bluſh, while it delivers them.

'I HAVE never reſted, ſince the Mo-'ment I ſaw you come into the Shop 'where I lodge, to buy a Waſhball. 'Would they could ſell me any thing 'that could waſh out the Remembrance 'of ſuch Charms: But perhaps you 'will come to me. In that Hope I 'ſupport a few Moments longer the 'miſerable Being of your'

Eternally devoted Slave,

and Creature,

ELIZ. SPARKLE.

Thy Shape like Harkilus *thy Strength declares,*
And every Part the Stamp of Manhood bears.
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And who is ſhe can love and hide her Flame?
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Eternally devoted Slave,

and Creature,

ELIZ. SPARKLE.

OUR Hero gaz'd with a wild Aſtoniſhment on this pompous Declaration. We need not ſay, it was the moſt extraordinary Performance that had ever fell in his way; ſome of our Readers, we are afraid, will be apt to join with him in his Admiration: Thoroughly ſatisfied we are, however, that whatever Cenſure it may fall under, the harſh and almoſt univerſal Term of Contempt *Low* cannot be paſſed upon it: And, if any ſhould ſuppoſe it is out of Nature, we can only anſwer, that, while they by this convince us they do not know the Lady who could have written it, they give ſufficient Proof that themſelves are out of Life, to every body that is in it.

TO anſwer ſuch a Letter was impoſſible, nor was it neceſſary; to appear before the Lady was the only proper Reply to it. Mr *Edwards* made little Heſitation about this; and though Mrs *Ruth* begged of him, for Heaven's Sake, not to go out again (whether this was from the Fear of her Maſter's Diſpleaſure, or from ſome other Motive, we ſhall not preſume to gueſs;) out he ſally'd, with as much Precipitation as

burſts

burſts forth the trembling Huſband, whoſe Helpmate's Voice rolls ſwifter than her Perſon down the narrow-winding Stairs, to tell him her poor Babes muſt be ſtarved for Want of Bread, while he is rioting and waſting his Time and his Money at an Alehouſe.

He had no ſooner inquir'd in the Shop if Miſs *Sparkle* was at home, than a very polite Footman conducted him up Stairs: And he had no ſooner enter'd a very elegant Apartment, than the more elegant Miſtreſs of it, a fine, delicate, blooming Creature threw herſelf upon his Boſom, and with Eyes ſwimming in Floods of Tenderneſs, as ſhe preſſed him to her ſoft Breaſt, ſigh'd out, 'And am I ſo happy to ſee you, dear, good Creature! But I'm a Fool to fancy I am happy.'—Here ſhe drew herſelf from him, and ſinking upon a Couch covered her Bluſhes, or her Want of Bluſhes, which of the two the Hiſtorian poſitively ſayeth not, with her Hand, and waited her Lover's Declaration.

When we conſider the Part of the World Mr *Edwards* was juſt come from, where Women of Taſte or De-

licacy would be as much out of the Courſe of Nature as Centaurs or Unicorns, we are not to wonder, that the Sight of one of the eleganteſt Figures of this elegant Age ſtruck him with no common Emotions. Miſs *Sparkle* is as careful of her Attitudes, on theſe Occaſions, as the People who only repreſent Occurrences of this kind on the Stage; ſhe practiſes an intended Air of Softneſs, or Severity, as often at the Glaſs, as Mrs *Cibber* does. The Form in which ſhe had now diſpos'd her Limbs was of the moſt advantageous Kind, and was too thoroughly practis'd before-hand, not to be play'd off in Perfection. Her Head reclining to one Side, gave her an Opportunity of ſhewing one of the brighteſt Eyes Nature ever gave a Woman; and a Cheek naturally all Lily, but now ſtain'd with a living Crimſon, that every Inſtant glow'd more and more intenſely; and might have alarm'd the Youth, who came out of a Rattleſnake Country, had he recollected, that the Colours of that terrible Reptile always brighten up in this Manner, when it is about to do Miſchief. Her Neck diſplay'd more of it's ſnowy Brightneſs by this Poſture, than it could have done under

under any other Circumſtances; and the hyacinthine Veins that wander'd over it, almoſt diſclos'd, through their thin Coats, the purple Fluid that roll'd thro' them: Her Boſom let ſomebody deſcribe that dares to look at it, I have more Regard to the Inhabitant of my own: Her Waiſt, naturally almoſt too ſlender, was now rather improv'd than injur'd, by the Effects of an Accident that had a little rounded it: The Sattin Petticoat, from which the Gown had fallen back with an artful Negligence, fell ſo cloſe, as almoſt to ſhew the Shape of the Limbs it cover'd; and it's Shortneſs ſuffer'd about the Half of one of the trueſt form'd Legs in the Univerſe to ſhow itſelf, terminated by the only Foot in the World, that is worthy to have that Honour. The white Sattin Shoe, the Gawſe Silk Stocking, the Elegance of the Gown, and the Fineneſs of the Linnen, all conſpir'd to add, if poſſible, to the Charms of the Object. The Youth, in honeſt Rapture, ſigh'd out what he could not ſpeak; and, after three Days Tranſport, iſſued out of the Apartments of this earthly Angel, with a Heart full of triumphant Content, and with three hundred Pounds leſs than he went in with, in his Pocket.

CHAP. IV.

A Visit to the Lady; the first public Appearance of our Hero.

ORESTES, when he had got *Pyrrhus*'s Throat cut for the Sake of *Hermione*, and lost *Hermione* into the Bargain, was a tame Character, in Comparison of Uncle *Jeremy*, who, after venturing so considerable a Sum of Money, and promising himself such immoderate Advantages from it, had now, for three Days together, lost the Man, on whose Account he had been doing it.

THE Youth, who did not think it prudent to return to a Scene of Dirt and Quarrelling, immediately, from so opposite a Party, had ask'd the Lady where he could sit down agreeably for an Hour or two; and she had, by perfect Accident, directed him to *George*'s in *Pall-mall*. He had scarce enter'd, when two or three People were making toward him at once, but were prevented by Monsieur *Le Guardien*, who, making a Diagonal from an opposite Quarter of the Room, crossed between the

the Youth and them, and, immediately facing about, entered into a Converſation with him.

YOUNG Minds are always very communicative of their Succeſſes in Love Affairs: The Youth was at firſt ſurprized at the Foreigner's congratulating him on the Happineſs he had been enjoying; but he immediately after talked over the whole Scene of Rapture to him; and was no ſooner informed that he had owed it to this Gentleman, who had taken him into the Shop for that Purpoſe, and had mentioned him favourably to the Lady; than, as he had always underſtood theſe kind of Services were to be paid for, he was offering a Gratuity: The other ſtopp'd his Hand, with 'Me excuſe all dis; me ſee you be 'very young: But Monſieur the Gen-'tilhome never take Money; *eh bien* '*Sire*, ſhall we play a Party at Piquet?' Our Hero, who had been uſed to beat his Father and all his Acquaintance at this Game, readily accepted the Challenge, and in half an Hour loſt two hundred and forty Pounds. This unluckily was one hundred and forty more than he had about him: He was afraid

afraid to go on, and was under ſome Confuſion how to give over: The Foreigner immediately ſaw it; he politely made ſlight of the Accident, accepted the hundred Pound Bill he had about him, and his Note of Hand for the Remainder, and left him to return to his Uncle.

MRS *Ruth*, who met him at the Door of the old Gentleman's Apartment, eaſily gueſſed the Reaſon of the cold and contemptuous Looks ſhe now received from him. She told him, with a Sigh, her Maſter was not at home; that he had been almoſt diſtracted for him theſe three Days; and was now, ſhe believed, waiting for him, at the Houſe he had taken for his Reſidence: She gave his Chairmen the neceſſary Inſtructions where to carry him; and he, in a very little Time, found himſelf at his new Home.

UNCLE *Jeremy* was ſounding the Upholſterer, who had furniſhed the beſt Apartment, at what Rate he would take back the Things, in Caſe the Gentleman, for whoſe Uſe they were intended, ſhould diſlike them, or ſhould—— or, in ſhort,

ſhort, ſhould not come to the Houſe. That Tradeſman, who had now twice ſuffered very heavily by the old Gentleman's Cunning, reſolved to make himſelf ſome Reparation in this laſt Bargain: He had named ſome very hard Conditions, and told him, no Man elſe of the Trade would have any Concern in the Affair, as he would ſee there was ſomething wrong at the Bottom: The old Fellow was ſenſible enough of this, and was pleading very humbly for better Terms, when a thundering Knock at the Door alarmed every body's Attention, and the Uncle, on getting to the Window, had the Joy to ſee his loſt Nephew walk out of a Chair, and enter the Houſe. The Rage, which under other Circumſtances, would have been vented on the young Gentleman, was now all diſcharged on the Upholſterer; the old Fellow thruſt him out of Doors, with a multitude of very opprobrious, we do not venture to ſay, unjuſt Names; and, immediately running to his Nephew, caught him in his Arms, and, while he expreſſed his real Joy at ſeeing him, wholly forgot the Reſentment his Abſence might have very well juſtified.

THE Youth was in Raptures at his Accommodations, and his Heart flutter'd ſtrangely at the Sight of the two gaudy Suits that lay on the Bed: He immediately dreſs'd himſelf in one of them; he ſtrutted about from Glaſs to Glaſs in his Dining-room, and admir'd the Elegance of every thing about him; he wiſhed for nothing ſo much as ſending to his dear *Sparkle* to partake of his Pleaſures, but this the old Gentleman render'd impracticable, by ſtaying to ſup with him, and even to ſee him in Bed.

A SALE of a City Alderman's Effects had luckily helped Uncle *Jeremy* to his Shrevalty Chariot, on the firſt Day of the young Gentleman's Abſence, for twelve Guineas: He had employed a Journeyman Coach-painter to lick up and gild it for four more, and had enter'd it in his Account at two hundred and ſixty Pounds ten Shillings: This had been ready the Day before, ſuch Expedition had been uſed about it, and, on the ſucceeding Morning, it was the firſt Object that met our Hero's Eyes, as he looked out into the Street. He now found

found he had only locked himſelf up during a Period, in which it was impoſſible for him to have been ſeen as he ought; and impatient to ſhew his Miſtreſs his Splendor and Magnificence, he ordered a Dinner for her at Four, dreſs'd himſelf as quick as his Admiration at every Part of his Habit would permit, order'd his Chariot to the Waſhball Shop, and, after it had attracted the Eyes of every body thereabout for five Hours, return'd back in Triumph in it, with the blooming *Sparkle* by his Side.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

An unexpected Meeting between Mr Edwards *and Uncle* Jeremy; *a new Supply advanced, and the Conditions of it.*

MR *Edwards* was leading his Miſtreſs with infinite Gaiety into the Dinning-Room, when he ſaw the venerable Figure of his Uncle, filling one of the Eaſy Chairs by the Fire-ſide. If the Delicacy of the Lady was ſtrangely ſhock'd at the Appearance of ſo uncouth a Creature, how much more ſo was it, when, with great Severity of Countenance, he advanc'd up to her, and deſir'd her to walk down Stairs again?

IT was in vain the Lover pleaded: The old Fellow was too diſcerning in the Ways of the World, not to ſee at once, of what Quality the Lady was, who was introduced into the Houſe with ſo much the Appearance of the Miſtreſs of it; and the Conſideration of what he had already ſuffer'd from her, as he very rightly judg'd ſhe was the Perſon who had kept his Nephew all the preceding Time in ſecret, render'd him inexorable.

All

All that the Lover cou'd do, was to ſend her Home in his Charriot, and this, in ſpite of all the old Fellow's Reaſons and Remonſtrances, he inſiſted on.

We don't always ſee the Event of our Actions, or the Reſults of the Accidents which croſs them. The Abſence of this Lady, tho' it heartily mortify'd our Youth for the firſt Half-hour, gave an Opportunity afterwards for the Uncle's entering on a Subject, at leaſt as neceſſary to him as the Lady herſelf, and which it wou'd have been impoſſible to have brought upon the Carpet before her; this was Money.

Uncle *Jeremy* rather hoped, than imagin'd, the Stripling had already got rid of the Sum his Father had furniſh'd him with for his whole Expedition. The Theme was no ſooner ſtarted, however, than the Nephew declared the Emptineſs of his Pockets; and the old Gentleman, after ſome gentle Rebukes for his Extravagance, and declaring the utter Incapacity he was in, after the Expences of the Houſe, Furniture, and Equipage, to furniſh him; obſerv'd, when he had thoroughly plunged him into Deſpair, that he believ'd he did know one Way of ſupplying him with ſomething for his preſent

preſent Occaſions; but, that he muſt borrow it from a Perſon who was an uſurious Raſcal, and wou'd inſiſt upon five and twenty *per Cent.*

THE Youth readily enough agreed to the Conditions; and the old Fellow, who had told him, he believed he cou'd get him four hundred on theſe Terms, recollecting in his way home, that he cou'd never make ſo much Advantage of his Money any other way, emptied all his Bags and Pocket-Books, and returned in an Hour, telling him, he had found the old Villain at home, had ſucceeded beyond Expectation, and had brought him no leſs than two thouſand Pounds.

THE young Gentleman was eagerly writing his Draught upon the Father for the Money, and calculating the Intereſt of two thouſand Pounds, at twenty-five *per Cent.* for three Months, which he reckon'd, as the utmoſt Time for making the Remittance, when the Uncle informed him, that theſe People never lent for leſs than a Year certain (tho' for my own Sake) Sir, ſays he, I muſt beg you to ſollicit your Father to remit it ſooner than three Months,

Months, if he can, becauſe I ſhall be uneaſy at continuing, longer than neceſſary, engaged for ſo large a Sum. He told him, he need not indeed trouble himſelf to add the Intereſt, for that the Lender, in theſe Caſes, always deducted it at firſt out of the Principal; and, in Conſequence of this equitable Agreement, counted him out fifteen hundred Pounds, and took his Draught of three Months upon his Father, for the two Thouſand.

DISADVANTAGEOUSLY as they were obtained, however, our Hero now found himſelf poſſeſs'd of all the Requiſites of a fine Gentleman: And the Uncle, who conſider'd, that he cou'd have no farther Benefit from him for ſome time, and that it was no more his Buſineſs to be ſeen encouraging him in his Extravagances, than it was his Intereſt to check him in them; retir'd to the Arms of Mrs *Ruth*, whoſe Virtue, ſomething, very like a Miracle, had preſerved; and never troubled his Nephew with a Viſit for five Weeks after.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Mr Edwards *is introduced to a Rout. Character of a remarkable little Lady.*

MR. *Edwards*, in whom a natural Love of Juſtice was a firſt Principle, no ſooner found himſelf poſſeſs'd of this Sum, than he diſpatch'd a Servant to invite Mr *Le Guardien*, to whom he had loſt his Money at Piquette, and paid him the Remainder of the Sum.

THE Foreigner preſs'd the not receiving it at that Time, if it was of any Inconvenience to him, and, in ſpite of the utmoſt Declarations of the other, received it with a very well affected Reluctance.

HE ſat with him, half an Hour after the ſettling this Point, talking of the common Occurrences, and upon other equally intereſting Topics; and at the End of this Time was taking his Leave. The Youth, who had ſeen ſo little of the Town, or known ſo little of the Hiſtory of any Lady in it, that every thing was News to him, had been vaſtly entertain'd

entertain'd with the Chit-Chat of his Viſiter: he preſs'd him to ſtay Supper, but the other, with many Apologies, declin'd the Honour, telling him he was engag'd at a Rout that Evening; but adding, that he wou'd, if he pleas'd, introduce him to ſome of the beſt Company in Town, that wou'd be aſſembled there.

MR *Edwards* declin'd it, as if he was more than half willing: The Stranger ſaw this, and preſs'd him earneſtly, telling him in fine, that, if he refuſed to go, he ſhou'd not think he believed he had any ſuch Appointment. Our Hero's Backwardneſs had only proceeded from his Diffidence of his own Qualifications for appearing in ſuch Company; this his new Friend ſaw as well as the reſt, and, by two or three very familiar Arguments, got the better of it: They ſtep'd into the Chariot together; and, as they went along, our Hero expreſſing a Deſire to know who the Lady was, to whoſe Houſe they were going; the Foreigner anſwer'd him in Terms, which, put into *Engliſh*, would have run about thus:

'THE

'THE Lady, Sir, to whom I ſhall 'this Evening have the Honour to in-'troduce you, is at once, perhaps, the 'greateſt and the leaſt Woman in the 'Kingdom. I wou'd begin my Ac-'count of her, with telling you who ſhe 'is, if I was informed of that Circum-'ſtance, which I am apt to believe I 'ſhou'd be, if ſhe was acquainted with 'it herſelf. You will find her in the 'Houſe of, or perhaps, more properly 'in the ſame Houſe with, a Gentleman, 'whoſe Name ſhe bears, and whom 'you wou'd join in the Opinion of the 'World, and ſuppoſe to be her Father, 'but that you will ſee him behave to 'her with all the Reſpect due from a 'Dependant; and the Lady to him, 'with an Air of eaſy Superiority, tho' 'temper'd with the utmoſt Politeneſs.

'IF you hear her converſe in Public, 'you will declare her to have ſtudy'd 'only the Arts of Courts; if in a more 'private Party, you will think Familia-'rity itſelf inſpires every Part of her 'Deportment, and Judgment every 'Sentiment of her Converſation: En-'gage her on a Topic of the *Belles Letters*,

'and

'and you will imagine her Life has been 'devoted to Reading; but hear her touch 'the Harpſichord, and you will retract 'all your former Opinions, and aſſert, 'that the reſt of her Qualifications 'muſt be innate; for that this alone 'cannot have been acquir'd at leſs Ex-'pence than that of her whole Life's 'Application.

'YOU will find her Houſe crowded 'with People of the firſt Quality; a fo-'reign Ambaſſador never was four Days 'among us, without being introduced 'to her; or half four Days afterwards, 'during his whole Stay, without viſit-'ing her.

'YOU won't find her wantonly pro-'fuſe of Money, but you will never ſee 'an Inſtance of her wanting it, any 'more than ****.' The Foreigner was going on in his Character, when the Chariot ſtop'd at the Door, and prevented farther Converſation.

OUR Hero was introduc'd to the Lady of the Houſe in form, and, having the good Fortune to come in early, he

had the Pleaſure to convince himſelf, in a Quarter of an Hour's Converſation with her, that all the Foreigner had advanc'd, was little, in Compariſon of what he ought to have ſaid. Mr *Edwards*, who never made a Compliment to an unworthy Object, was always ready to ſay every civil thing to a Perſon's Face, that he had Reaſon to ſay any where elſe: The Lady was not diſpleaſed with his Addreſs, tho' much out of the uſual Style; but ſhe told him with an honeſt Bluſh, that her Place in his good Opinion wou'd be but very ſhort-liv'd, for that he wou'd in a few Minutes ſee two Perſons there, before whom, no other female Pretenſions to any Merit in Converſation cou'd ſtand.

THE Words were hardly deliver'd, before two Ladies enter'd, who, it was eaſy to diſtinguiſh by their Manner, were greatly above the common Level: The one of them wore in her Face all the jovial Pleaſantry of *Milton*'s *Euphroſyne*; and the open Countenance and free Soul of the other were never repreſented but in the *Liberality* of *Guido*. It was eaſy to find by half a dozen Sentences, that theſe were the Rivals

the

the Lady of the Houſe had told him of: Whether he wou'd have allow'd them all that Pre-eminence that her modeſt Opinion of her own Qualifications had declar'd for, we have indeed no Power to inform the Reader; for, after ſome Congratulations to another Lady, who came in immediately afterwards, in which ſhe was told, that every thing follow'd the Intereſts of her Family; that Lord *H*——— was appointed Principal; Mr *S*———, his Subſtitute, and Biſhop *H*———, the Inſtructor; the Card Tables were ſet, the *Pharaoh* Bank eſtabliſhed, and the Company grew intent on their Diverſion, and ſpent the ſucceeding five Hours in doing very little more than what Automatons of Wood and Wire might have perform'd as advantageouſly.

Mr *Edwards*, whoſe utter Unacquaintance with all Games of Skill render'd him no ſort of Match for any body at the Whiſt or Brag Parties, left a hundred Pounds behind him at the *Pharaoh* Table, and very coolly repair'd to his Bed by four in the Morning.

CHAP. VII.

A Diſſertation on the modern Art of Humbugging.

THERE is a Species of Wit, if according to the modern Cuſtom we may be allow'd to call Lying by that Name, which was very ſucceſsfully laugh'd out of the World ſome Years ago by the *Spectator*; but as Nature, tho' you puſh her off with a Pitchfork, as *Horace* ſays, will return upon you, the Triumph of that Author was but temporary; it has of late been revived among us with many additional Advantages, and is at this Day practis'd with great Succeſs in every polite Company in Town.

IN the Days of the *Spectator*, the Art, however odious it appeared to him, conſiſted in one ſimple Propoſition, and was no more than the telling a plain bare-fac'd Falſehood with an undaunted Countenance: A Fellow, who cou'd inform his Friend, that his Father had juſt broke his Neck; or a Stranger, that his Houſe was burnt down two Hours before, and, after

after giving them half a Day's Pain and Anxiety, cou'd excuſe the Lye, and claim the Title of a Man of Wit, by pronouncing aloud the Word *Bite*, was at the Head of the Science: But, in our more improv'd Age, the Profeſſors of it have done well to change it's Name, as they have indeed made it a more complex and intricate Art.

The Profeſſor of the modern *Humbugg*, for ſuch is the polite Name of this Qualification, muſt either have from Nature an unalterable Countenance, or from Art a Power of commanding all it's ſucceſſive Variations, and preſerving it inviolably in each, as long as the preſent Situation of the Caſe renders it neceſſary; he muſt have a Head full of Imagination, and a Heart empty of every Trace of Candour or Humanity: The firſt Sacrifice he muſt make to it is Truth, the next is Friendſhip: No Man is a proper Object of it who has not Integrity enough, or a ſufficiently good Opinion of the Perſon who abuſes him, to ſuppoſe him incapable of Fraud or Meanneſs; and it can never be exerted with ſucceſs againſt any one, but ſuch as either the Perſon that employs it, calls his Friend; or who

has real Merit enough to ſupport ſome Degree of Praiſe.

UNDER theſe Circumſtances the *Humbugger* attacks the Man whom he has ſelected for his Butt; and, while he proſtitutes his own Candour to the raiſing his good Opinion of himſelf too high, he gives the Signal to every body about him to laugh at him for a Coxcomb, for doing ſo.

A SERVILE Flattery is the Baſis of this great Branch of the Art, but, while it poſſeſſes all the Meanneſs of that Quality, it infinitely excels it in Degree, and adds, to all the Baſeneſs of the Vice itſelf, that of it's being done with a profeſs'd Intent to hurt the Object.

IT was the Fortune of our Hero to meet with one of the honeſt and ingenious Gentlemen who profeſs this noble Art, at the Rout where he ſpent his Evening juſt deſcribed; had it not been ſo, gentle Reader, thou would'ſt, in all Probability, never have found this Digreſſion concerning the Art itſelf in our Memoirs. The Gentleman of that polite Company, who was poſſeſs'd of this amiable Qualification,

ſication, had it not ſingle; he profeſs'd alſo the honeſt and ingenious Art or Trade, by whichever Name it may be propereſt to call it, of the Gameſter, and by the help of a Partner who underſtood him, and had learnt his Signals, made a tolerable Livelihood of Whiſt.

THAT his Partner in the Art might be leſs ſuſpected, he took Care the Perſon ſhou'd be of the Sex leaſt liable to ſuch a Suſpicion: he had begun with teaching her the Game in an uncommonly perfect Manner; and, after this, had inſtructed her in his Signals, by Means of which, by the artful Diſpoſition of the Fingers, and certain mute Signs from the Feet, they were able to inform one another of every Card in their Hands. The drawing the Hand down one ſide of the Face, when a freſh Suit was play'd, expreſs'd the having the Ace; the opening the Hand of Cards, the King; the drawing them cloſer, the Queen; and no Signal at all, the Knave; a gentle Touch of the Foot was the Notice of one Honour; a Repetition of it deſcrib'd two, and ſo of the reſt.

BY this Means, Whiſt became an Eſtate to both of them: They play'd the Game ſo well, that, when they were ſeparate, they had more than equal Chance of winning; and, and when they happen'd to be Partners, nothing cou'd prevent it; they made Money more or leſs of every body they play'd with, but their great Market was, when they cou'd fix upon ſome Man of large Fortune and little Diſcernment: On theſe Occaſions, they never were at a loſs to find a Partner for their Dupe, who wou'd promote deep Play, and be beat as often as they pleas'd, on the eaſy Condition of having his Money return'd to him with ſome ſmall Advantages; and they found one Means or other uſually to keep up the Spirit of ſuch a Party, as long as the Perſon, on whoſe Account it was inſtituted, was worth Six-pence.

MR *Pliant*, for ſo was the little Beau called, whoſe Character we have been giving, had mark'd *Edwards*, at his firſt Entrance into the Room, as a gentle Innocent, or, in his own Phraſe, a Pigeon, cut out on purpoſe for his Plan; it was with great Joy he found ſoon afterwards

terwards he was a *Creole*, as, from that Circumſtance alone, he thought himſelf ſufficiently let into the Secret of his Qualifications and Improvements; and he had no ſooner ſeen him loſe a hundred Pounds without Emotion, than he ſet him down upon his Liſt, for a Prize of at leaſt four Thouſand.

A Bubble of this Conſequence was worth taking ſome Pains to ſecure; the only Accidents that cou'd croſs Mr *Pliant*'s Purpoſe, were, that another Party might ſecure him, or that he might at one time or other ſuſpect the Means of their Succeſs; to evade the Poſſibility of either of theſe, Mr *Pliant* call'd in to the Aſſiſtance of Sharping the Siſter Art of Humming. He waited on Mr *Edwards* early the next Morning at his Lodgings, told him he had enough to plead in Excuſe of the Abruptneſs of ſuch a Viſit, for that it was intended only to prevent Miſchief; and concluded, 'Sir, You are a 'Stranger to the Dangers you may run 'in Town, in the Way to an Amour that 'is worth purſuing. I obſerv'd your 'Eyes, continued he, very buſy about 'the Neck of Lady *Bloom*, and I may 'tell you, under the Precautions I ſhall

'give you, that you are not indifferent 'to her. Shall I ſay, I read it in her 'Eyes? I'll tell you the Truth, ſhe en-'quir'd after you of me, with an Emo-'tion that was too much for Curioſity 'alone to have inſpir'd: You may have 'her, if you purſue her, but you have a 'Rival that will be troubleſome: You 'ſaw the tall genteel Fellow with pale 'Hair, that leant over her: He mark'd 'every Glance on both ſides between 'you: Indeed, he will not be very 'haſty, I believe, in a Thing of this 'Kind, becauſe he has been unhappy 'enough to kill two People already, 'but I dare not aſſure you, he will part 'with his Miſtreſs tamely.'

MR *Edwards*, who had liſten'd with an unalter'd Countenance to this Narration, anſwer'd coolly: 'I ſhou'd ima-'gine, Sir, there is no Man who 'wou'd refuſe to draw his Sword on ſo 'good an Occaſion.' 'I don't ſup-'poſe, Sir, reply'd *Pliant* eagerly, that 'you wou'd; but I thought it Friend-'ſhip, nay indeed, but common Hu-'manity to a Stranger, to inform you 'of the Superiority of your Rival in this 'Point. As to the Sword, he is in

continual

'continual Practice; and, for Piſtols, it 'has been his Cuſtom to fire at a Six-pence 'twenty Times a Day, for theſe two Years, 'on Account of an Officer of Horſe, 'who has been all that Time in *France*, 'and with whom he has an Engagement 'of this Kind at his Return. This Gen-'tleman, you are to know, Sir, is as 'famous for the Piſtol, as your Rival 'is for the Sword; and all this Prepara-'tion has hardly yet ſet him upon the 'level with him.'

It was eaſy, from Mr *Edwards*'s Anſwer, to find that he was *taken in*, as the Phraſe runs, that is, that he did not ſuppoſe Mr *Pliant* to be a Lyar or a Raſcal; and that he had a good Opinion enough of himſelf, to believe it very poſſible a Woman of Conſequence might be in Love with him; perhaps Mrs *Sparkle* had conduc'd not a little to open-ing the Way to this Miſchief, by the extravagant Encomiums ſhe had be-ſtow'd on his Perſon and Accompliſh-ments. Many a Man has fallen a Sacri-fice to the Vanity and Ingratitude of his Miſtreſs on ſuch an Occaſion, and an honeſt Fellow has no ſooner talk'd a Wo-man he likes into a Belief that ſhe is an

Angel, and that all Womankind are contemptible in Compariſon of her, than ſhe determines, ſince this is the Caſe, not to throw ſuch Charms away upon him. And Mr *Edwards*'s Miſtreſs now ſeems to have ſhar'd the ſame Fate. It wou'd not have been eaſy, by any other Means, to have ſtop'd the Torrent of his Adoration for the divine *Sparkle*; but no ſooner the more divine Lady *Bloom* appear'd as her Rival, than conſcious from that Miſtreſs's Flattery, that he might carry this, if he lik'd it, he determin'd that he wou'd.

HE thank'd Mr *Pliant* very politely for this Act of Friendſhip, and preſs'd him to breakfaſt with him; at Noon, they went into the *Park*, where one of the firſt Objects that met their Eyes, was Lady *Bloom*, jigging along the *Mall* with all the Freedom of Air of the unhappy Libertines, who were throwing themſelves in the Way of every body they came near for Bread, and dreſs'd perfectly in the faſhionable Taſte, that is, ſo like thoſe unhappy Creatures, that nothing but a perſonal Knowledge of her cou'd have prevented the taking her for one of them.

OUR

OUR Party paid their Compliments as they paſs'd her, and ſhe return'd them with a moſt graceful Smile, and with a Stoop of the Head, that expreſs'd a Mixture of Satisfaction, and of a tender Languor. This, tho' it meant nothing at that Time, had been copy'd from ſome happy Fair one, in whom it expreſs'd all that our Hero thought he read in it on this Occaſion.

HOWEVER favourable Mr *Edwards*'s Ideas might be from this Circumſtance, certain it is, he had rais'd them on a very ſlight Foundation, for the Lady, at this Time, knew nothing of the Matter: She had directed her Compliment ſolely to Mr *Pliant*, who knew too much of the World to underſtand any thing more by it than ſhe meant: He did not fail, however, to place it all to the Account of his Friend; he told him, there was evidently Love enough in her Soul, but he wiſh'd, for both their Sakes, ſhe had more Diſcretion: He beg'd leave to quit him for a Moment, and walking up to her Ladyſhip, who was a Woman of great Spirit, and fond of Raillery to an uncommon

Degree,

Degree, he told her ſo much of his Plot upon the *Creole* as regarded herſelf, and ſhe promis'd with great Readineſs to join in the *Humm*, and promote it to the utmoſt.

WE Mention this as an Inſtance, how eaſy it is for a Man to be deceiv'd, where a Female is in the Party againſt him; and how naturally a Woman of Faſhion may, while ſhe intends only to be witty, become an Accomplice with a Pick-Pocket. Nature never form'd a Man ſo happily for the Exerciſe of this polite Species of Wit as Mr *Pliant*; the natural Delicacy of his Perſon, the Softneſs of his Manner, the intereſting Complaiſance that ſhew'd itſelf in him on every Occaſion, and the unlimited Command he had over the Muſcles of his Face, conſpir'd to render it natural and unſuſpected in him: He told our Hero, with great apparent Good-nature, that he had been ſaying every Thing in the World, in his Favour, to the Lady, and at the ſame Time preaching up ſome Caution to her. Mr *Edwards* was full of Acknowledgements for his good Offices, and the Morning concluded with his new Friend's

engaging

engaging him to dine at his Houſe, where, by perfect Accident, there happen'd to be a Lady, who was an Intimate of Lady *Bloom*'s, and who was no ſooner inform'd of the Violence of the Lover's Paſſion for her Ladyſhip, than ſhe promis'd to do every Thing in her Power in his Favour.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Happineſs of a Family Acquaintance; and the Advantages that ſometimes accrue from it.

LADY *Bloom* did not fail to contribute her Share to the Entertainment that was to be furniſh'd from our Hero's Paſſion for her; ſhe half kill'd her Chairmen with the Hurry of running from one Houſe to another, to give an Account of it; nor did ſhe ſtop her Courſe, till ſhe had told every Female, and moſt of the Males of her Acquaintance, of the new-landed Savage, who fancy'd ſhe was deſperately in Love with him. As to the Lady our Hero had been ſo happy to meet with at his Friend Beau *Pliant*'s, ſhe was no other than the Perſon we have already celebrated, as the Accomplice of that induſtrious Chevalier, at his Whiſt Schemes.

OUR Hero now thought himſelf extreamly happy: He had got rid of the troubleſome Acquaintance of his Uncle, he knew not how or why: He had Money

ney in Plenty in his Pocket; he was on the high Road to an Intrigue with the fineſt Woman in Town; and he had made an Acquaintance, as it appear'd to him, in the moſt agreeable ſociable Family in the World, and more particularly an Intimacy with a Man, who eſteem'd and lov'd him, and who appear'd as able as willing to ſerve him in a thouſand different Circumſtances.

THUS it appear'd to Mr *Edwards* at leaſt; and thus, gentle Reader, whoever thou art, it has many times appear'd to thee, when thy ill Fate has been as buſy for thy Ruin, as our Hero's at this Time was for his. He play'd at Cards every Afternoon at Mr. *Pliant*'s; he met Lady *Bloom* every Evening at one Rout or other; he never made the leaſt Advances to her, that were not return'd with an open Freedom; and he could, on every Occaſion, ſee the Eyes of the whole Company fixed with Envy, as he underſtood it, upon him: If he obſerv'd them laugh, he concluded it was at her indiſcrete Paſſion, but this he never ſo much as wiſh'd to check: He was of an Age at which the Boaſting of an Amour is one

of

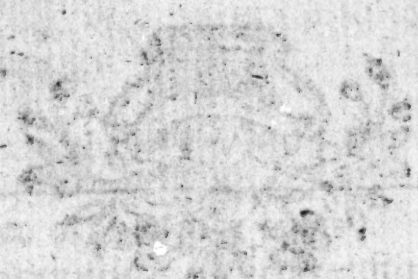
of the greateſt Pleaſures that attends it, and is a Pleaſure that ſeldom is ſuppreſs'd, tho' the Price of it be the Reputation of the Perſon in the World, to whom the Betrayer has moſt Obligations. An Obſervation this, which, if rightly attended to, would keep every Woman, who has the leaſt Regard for her Reputation, from engaging in an Intrigue with any Man under Eight and Twenty.

THE true State of our Hero's Affairs at this time, however, was, that he had a Sum ſufficient to encourage him in Extravagance, not to ſupport him in it; he had loſt the only Acquaintance in the World, who would have thought it worth while to adviſe him; he had made an Intimacy with a Man, who had engag'd him in a Purſuit that made him the Jeſt of every Company he fell into, and who, with the Aſſiſtance of his friendly Family, had by Degrees ſtripped him, hundred by hundred, of every Guinea he had been Maſter of; and, under Colour of giving him a Chance for winning back, had afterwards got him eight hundred and fifty Guineas in Debt to him: For this he very good-naturedly

naturedly accepted a Draught upon Uncle *Jeremy*, payable at Sight, having been previouſly inform'd, that the Father had given him an unlimited Bill of Credit on that Gentleman.



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF Mr George Edwards, A CREOLE.

BOOK the Third,

In which the Hero makes great Advances toward becoming a Philoſopher of the firſt Claſs.

CHAP. I.

A Scheme of Beau Pliant's *on our Hero does not ſucceed perfectly to his Expectation.*

IT is a Maxim with the People of Mr *Pliant*'s Stamp, that the Money they have won is never ſecure till 'tis in their Pocket. This Gentleman had not been poſſeſs'd of Mr *Edwards*'s Draught five Minutes, before he

he took Occaſion to leave the Room on ſome ſlight Pretence, and hurry'd to the Perſon of whom he was to receive the Caſh. The Habitation of Mr *Jeremy Edwards* was one of the laſt in the World into which a Stranger could get Admittance: The gentle *Ruth* had received him at the Door, and, as her Maſter was abſent, had inquired into his Buſineſs, but in vain. He had told her he would come again in half an Hour, and determined not to return Home without ſome Certainty as to ſo conſiderable a Sum: He repeated this kind of Viſit four Times, and ſpent the intermediate Periods in no very patient Humour at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe.

THE Draught had been put into his Hands immediately after Dinner; and as all the Viſits he had made to Mr *Jeremy* had been paid in the two Hours ſucceeding that Time, which were thoſe he always ſpent in the *Park*, the prudent Domeſtic, though ſhe did not think it adviſeable to ſend a Stranger to him in that Place, had, from the Poſſibility of her Maſter's calling in at Home before his going to the Coffee-houſe, told the Viſiter, that he might very likely ſee him,

him, if he call'd again after ſuch a Time.

Mr *Pliant* was looking at his Watch, and ſomewhat impatiently waiting for the Termination of the Half-hour, at the End of which he was to make his fifth Viſit, when a Porter deliver'd a Letter at the Bar, which he deſired might be given to Mr. *Edwards* with all Speed. Mr *Pliant* had been thoroughly diſſatisfied with the Appearance of every thing about Uncle *Jeremy*'s Apartments; and, if he could have imagin'd that the Owner of them could poſſibly have been known at ſo polite a Coffee-houſe as this, would long before have enquired into his Circumſtances of the Lady of the Houſe. He no ſooner therefore heard the Name of *Edwards* pronounced by this Meſſenger, than he walked haſtily up to the Bar, and enquired whether the Mr *Edwards*, for whom that Letter was left, was a Mr *Jeremy Edwards*, who lived in a ſtrange Dungeon at the Bottom of the Yard: He was going to enquire who and what he was, but theſe and all farther Queſtions were prevented, by the Arrival of another Perſon, whom the Name *Edwards*

wards and the Sight of a Letter had brought to the Scene of Enquiry almoſt as ſoon as himſelf, and who, ſtretching out a yellow, wrinkled, meagre, long-nail'd, unwaſh'd Hand, with half the ſhirtleſs Arm belonging to it from under the Covert of a greaſy Sleeve, at the ſame Time that he ſeized upon the Letter, turn'd up his grey, lack-luſtre, Eye to the Face of the blooming Mr *Pliant*, and telling him, It was a Dungeon into which no ſuch powder'd Beggars as he would ever find Admittance, very coolly walk'd back to his Seat, without deigning to caſt one Look back upon the Object of his Contempt.

IT was indeed with ſome Kind of Reaſon that Mr *Jeremy* had expreſs'd himſely ſo ſeverely on this Occaſion, for, additionally to the Inſult convey'd by the Word *Dungeon* in Mr *Pliant*'s Queſtion, he could not but recollect that he had lent many Sums to People of that Figure, who had brought others, like themſelves, in ſufficient Number to join in the Security, but that he had never once been paid a Debt of that Kind in his Life, nor ever been able to find any one of the People afterwards.

This

This had given him a very well-grounded Contempt for Powder and Embroidery on a Borrower; and, as he could not ſuppoſe there was any other Buſineſs a Stranger of this Figure could poſſibly have with him, he would have been ready enough to have given him his Anſwer, in the ſame Kind of Terms, without the additional Provocation of the Affront he had received.

Mr *Pliant* was thoroughly diſſatiſfied at the Figure of the Man on whom his Draught was made, and as heartily mortify'd at the unlucky Step he had taken towards his Acquaintance. A Moment's Conſideration recover'd him, however, from his Confuſion, and inform'd him that it was his Buſineſs, at all Events, to ſee an End of the Affair he came about, before he joined his Company again. He walk'd up to the Table, at which the old Gentleman was ſeated, and told him, he could eaſily paſs over the Incivility of his Addreſs to him, as himſelf had ignorantly, and indeed rudely, given the Occaſion to it; and added, that, when he was at Leiſure, he ſhould be glad of an Opportunity of

communicating to him the Buſineſs he came about.

THE old Gentleman had broke the Seal of his Letter, and was wiping his Spectacles, in order to read it, when he received this civil Speech from Mr *Pliant*. He continued the Operation, during the Time he was delivering it, and for ſome Minutes after, at the End of which he very deliberately put them on, and without beſtowing a Word, or even a Look on the Beau, open'd and began to read the Letter.

MR *Pliant*, who was now ſenſible enough that it was not his Buſineſs to put the old Fellow out of Humour, ſat patiently, while he read it; which, as he did it very deliberately, and as the Letter conſiſted of three Sides, and was not written in the beſt Hand in the World, took up no very ſmall Portion of Time: When he had got to the Bottom of the laſt Page, he very calmly turned it over, and, inſtead of folding it up as Mr *Pliant* had expected, began to read it again. The Beau ſtill kept his Patience, tho' under the additional Provocation of having the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and being very ſenſible that his

his Complaiſance would be conſtru'd, by many of them who knew him, not greatly to his Advantage. At length, the old Gentleman, having finiſhed the ſecond Peruſal of his Letter, carefully folded it up, and, taking off his Spectacles, looked full in the Face of Mr *Pliant*, and ſaid, 'I tell you, Friend, it 'don't ſignify Waiting, I won't lend 'you a Farthing.'

THIS was ſpoke ſo loud, that Mr *Pliant* found it neceſſary, in order to clear his own Honour, to do a Thing which Prudence would otherwiſe have pleaded very ſtrongly againſt, and to anſwer him as loud, 'Sir, I have a 'Draught of eight hundred Pounds on 'you, from your Nephew, for Money 'lent him: Will you pay it or not?'

THE Name of eight hundred Pounds, advanced to his Nephew by any body but himſelf, raiſed the old Fellow in a Poſture of Horror from his Seat: He look'd upon *Pliant* as a Man who had robb'd him of the Intereſt of that Sum at fifty *per Cent*, and that had laid a Scheme for ſupplanting him in all his future Deſigns upon the young Fellow: His

Face increaſed it's Length by two Inches; a Palſy could not have ſhook his whole Frame more violently, than this unexpected Attack did: His Spectacles dropp'd from his unnerv'd Hand, and, tho' they broke in the Fall, he never remember'd that it would coſt a Shilling to mend them. He ſtood ſpeechleſs in this Agony for ſome Moments: But, Mr *Pliant* at length repeating his Queſtion aloud, the old Fellow recover'd the Uſe of his Voice enough to anſwer, 'No! I'll never pay it: He knows he 'might have any Money he pleas'd of 'me, and I don't underſtand how you 'came by this.' Mr *Pliant*, who had been thorough provok'd by the preceding Behaviour of the old Fellow, grew outrageous at this Suſpicion of his Honour; a Quality about which it is obſerv'd, that thoſe People are always moſt ſollicitous who have leaſt of it: He did not condeſcend to anſwer, but, riſing on tiptoes for the Blow, levell'd a Stroke with his Cane at the old Fellow's Head, which would, in all Probability, have put a Period to his Exiſtence, much ſooner than the Laws of this Hiſtory require, had it not been ſtopp'd, in it's Deſcent, by the Arm of a plain-dreſs'd, grave

grave Man who ſat juſt behind; and who, ſeeing the Miſchief that was coming, receiv'd no inconſiderable Hurt in the preventing it: The Stranger was for pleading in favour of the Uncle, that the Care of his Nephew might very well be an Excuſe for what he had ſaid, when *Pliant*, making no doubt that he, who had taken ſuch a Blow without Reſentment, wou'd bear more, turn'd all the Torrent of his Fury on the new Object.

The Stranger ſeiz'd his Arm with a very rude Gripe, as the firſt Blow was coming, and directing his Foot to a Part, in which *Hudibras* very whimſically ſuppoſes Honour to be lodg'd, rais'd his light Antagoniſt, by the Force of the Kick, aloft from the Ground, which he did not reach again, till at about four Yards Diſtance, and then not in an erect Poſture.

The Beau, as ſoon as he had got up on his Legs again, told the Stranger he deſir'd to ſpeak two Words to him; which he had no ſooner whiſper'd in his Ear, than the other anſwered aloud: 'I 'have no Reaſon to believe you'll keep

'your Appointment: Does any body 'here know you?' Here was a Queſtion, in which Mr *Pliant*'s Honour was again concern'd, and which his Intereſt had alſo ſome Connexion with. He ſaw People enough who knew him, but not one on whoſe good Opinion he cou'd depend, in Regard to his Claim to the Debt; till at length he obſerv'd a Brother of the Lay, as they expreſs it, at one of the Tables, whom he had not ſeen before, and who was no other than the Foreigner who had made young *Edwards* acquainted with *Sparkle*, and had ſtrip'd him afterwards of ſomewhat more than his original Allowance: *Pliant*'s Eyes were no ſooner fix'd on this Gentleman, than, depending on that Honour which ſubſiſts between all the Perſons of this Stamp, 'There,' ſays he, 'there is a Gentleman whom I have 'the Honour to be known to, and who 'was preſent at *George*'s when I lent the 'Money, about which all this Diſpute 'has been.' If the Uncle had look'd on *Pliant* as a Man who was robbing him of the Advantages he might make of the Extravagances of his Nephew, this Gentleman, who had ſeen that happy Adventurer carry the Youth off from the *Park* the

the Morning before, and who now found what Uſe he had made of the Acquaintance, receiv'd him with a ſtill more hateful Eye: He wou'd perhaps have kept his Secrets at another Time, or wou'd not have ſcrupled to have ly'd, or been perjur'd, for him; but here was a Caſe which touch'd himſelf too nearly. Honour, when not founded on Honeſty, is but an imaginary Exiſtence; Intereſt now pleaded againſt the Adherence to it, on the Foreigner's Part, and he reply'd without Heſitation, that he knew Mr. *Pliant* very well: That he did not pretend to ſay any Thing, in regard to the Diſpute with that Gentleman; but, Sir, ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to the Uncle, 'I never ſaw him lend any Money to your Nephew, and, as to the Draught, I don't doubt but it is for a Play-Debt, and I think you ſhou'd enquire farther into the Gentleman's Character, before you pay it.'

PLIANT, who had very unhappily miſtaken his Man in the former Attack, knew ſo much of this Knight of the Induſtry, that he determin'd at once to revenge his Quarrel, and eſtabliſh his Reputation again at his Expence. He

fell violently on him, firſt with his Cane, and afterwards with his Fiſts. The other was the ſtronger, tho' *Pliant* was the more active: Many a hard Blow was given on each Side, and Victory had hung out her Scales in exact Equilibrio for a conſiderable Time; when at length a Trip over one of the Benches having brought Monſieur *Le Guardien* to the Ground, and every body calling out, that it was unfair to beat him, when he was down; the Uſurer flew to the Aſſiſtance of his routed Champion, and made ſo excellent a Uſe of thoſe Weapons, with which, we have before had occaſion to obſerve, the Extremities of his Fingers were arm'd by Nature, that Mr *Pliant*'s Face was, in an Inſtant, cover'd with Blood and Wounds; and the Pain, which was too much for a Man of his delicate and tender Nerves to bear, oblig'd him to put an End to the Combat.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A Viſit from the Friend of our Hero to Mr Pliant: *The ſtrange Conſequences it was attended with.*

IT is very beneficent of Providence, that, amidſt the vaſt Portion of Knowledge we boaſt of having been favour'd with from her, we have no immediate Means of receiving Notices of Events, beyond the Reach of our Senſes. Tho' the Scene of Mr *Pliant*'s Diſtreſs was ſcarce a hundred Yards from his own Houſe, every Circumſtance of it was as profound a Secret to every body at home, as if it had happen'd in the Dominions of the Great *Mogul*: Every thing there was in the uſual innocent Tranquillity; a Viſiter had accidentally drop'd in, who ſupply'd the Place of Mr *Pliant*, at a Corner of a Whiſt-Table, and the Family were ſtripping the unfortunate Mr *Edwards* as uſual, and comforting him with the certain Amends he was to receive in the Fortune and Virtues of a Wife; when a ſingle Rap at the Door call'd up the Footman from the Arms of his Mauxalind, and he immediately uſher'd in a

Perſon who declar'd himſelf a Stranger to the Family, but had inſiſted on ſpeaking with Mr *Edwards* that Inſtant.

THE Company were ſtrangely alarm'd at the Entrance of a plain Figure of a Man, with ſo odd an Introduction, imagining from the Circumſtances, that he cou'd be no other than one of thoſe Officers of Juſtice, with the Nature of whoſe Viſits, the ſwift Viciſſitudes of Mr *Pliant*'s Fortune had made every body that belong'd to him ſufficiently acquainted: They were riſing in Confuſion from the Table, when Mr *Edwards*, whoſe Surprize was of a very different Kind, drop'd his Cards, and in an Inſtant, throwing his Arms about the Neck of the Stranger, who was indeed no other than Mr *Spence*, pour'd forth a Profuſion of Tranſport, intermingled with Complaints of his hav- ſo long abſented himſelf from him.

HIS Friend anſwer'd, that he had no Right to ſhew himſelf before him, even now, according to the Terms of their Parting, nor indeed cou'd have any: That he did not blame, but compaſſionate him for the Conditions under which he had offer'd to renew their Acquaintance,

quaintance, which, he acknowledg'd, were altogether equitable, tho' unpracticable: Our Hero ſtop'd him as he was going on in theſe Explanations, with a thouſand Proteſtations of his Senſe of his own Folly, of his Unhappineſs while he had loſt his Aquaintance, and of his Reſolutions never to part with him again: The Company were very happy in the different Opinion they now took up of the Stranger, and were congratulating themſelves on the Change of the Scene, when a thundering Knock at the Door uſher'd in the Maſter of the Family, in the lamentable Situation we have before pictur'd him, as he aroſe from under the Talons of Uncle *Jeremy*; and with the additional Horror of a black Eye, which he had receiv'd from the other Combatant.

The Face of Diſtreſs, with which Mr *Pliant* enter'd his Parlour, was rais'd into tenfold Horror, on his ſeeing the Perſon there, whom we have juſt mention'd, as added to the Company: He ſunk into a Chair, and, while the Family were all gathering about him, commanded Silence with his Hand; while Mr *Spence*, who was ſtill addreſ-

ſing his Diſcourſe to his Friend, went on in this Manner: 'Tho' I have no 'Right, Mr *Edwards*, to claim your 'Friendſhip on theſe Conditions, I 'have Obligations to you, which, had 'I no better Motive to it, cou'd not let 'me ſtand by and ſee you injur'd. I 'came hither to you, from a Place, 'where three Raſcals (I am ſorry to 'tell you, that your Uncle, who either 'did not, or wou'd not, know me, is 'one, and this Gentleman, who is 'paying ſo careful an Attention to my 'Diſcourſe, another of them) were 'quarrelling who ſhou'd have the ſole 'Privilege of ſtripping you of every 'Farthing, yourſelf or your Father 'cou'd be worth: I left them executing 'a juſt Vengeance on one another; and 'during their Scuffle, having learnt who 'this Gentleman was, and that you was 'at this Time with him, have ventur'd, 'even into his own Houſe, to do you 'Service.'

Mr *Pliant*, whom partly Loſs of Blood, and partly a Senſe of his preſent Situation, had render'd, by this Time, much cooler than when he had engaged in the Scuffle at the Coffee-houſe, now wou'd have condeſcended

condeſcended to attempt to reaſon with the Friend of our Hero; but that Gentleman anſwer'd him very coolly and ſhortly: Sir, 'There is a Point you 'and I are to ſettle hereafter, and 'which no Art, no Evaſion, on your 'Part, ſhall put off: I know you have 'no great Stomach to it; but there is 'but one Condition on which I ſhall 'excuſe you, which is your giving up to 'this Gentleman the Draught you juſt 'now offer'd to his Uncle, and, with it, 'whatever elſe you have, as you will 'chuſe to phraſe it, *won* of him: I 'ſhall be for giving it a harſher Name, 'and I ſhall add this to the Diſadvan-'tages of your Refuſal, that I ſhall 'make this Circumſtance ſo public, 'that you will never have ſuch another 'Opportunity of exerting your Skill 'in your Profeſſion.'

Mr *Pliant*, tho' he cock'd his Hat fiercely, and cou'd talk loud upon Occaſion, had a natural Averſion to cold Iron: He ſaw his Antagoniſt, in this Affair, was a hardy, ſevere, unmerciful Fellow; and adding, to his Regard to his Perſon, the Circumſtance of the public

public and irretrievable Loſs of his Character, which he was threaten'd with; he came to a Reſolution, that it was better to loſe the Advantages of this one Incident, than to part with the Proſpect of all that cou'd hereafter offer to him: He gave up the Draught, paid back all the Money he had won, and, on Mr *Edwards*'s making ſome Scruple about taking it back, confeſs'd that he had not obtain'd it fairly of him; and took his Leave of the Friend, with telling him: 'Sir, you are a Man of Honour, 'and, now I have made Reparation, I 'know you will never mention this.' Mr *Spence* gave him no Anſwer, but our Hero promis'd ſo much in his Name, and the Party immediately broke up: The Maſter of the Houſe kept his Bed for a Fortnight, and Mr *Spence* was, tho' with ſome Difficulty, prevail'd with to accompany his reſcu'd Friend to his Houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Gratitude of a Miſer.

UNCLE *Jeremy*, tho' he cou'd very well reconcile it to his Conſcience to keep out of his Nephew's Way, while he was ſquandering his Money, cou'd by no Means ſuffer himſelf to be abſent while other People were incroaching upon his Prerogative of cheating him; he had no ſooner got at Liberty from the Broil at the Coffee-houſe, than he made the beſt of his Way to his Houſe: He had been waiting an Hour in the Dining-room, when our Hero and his Friend arriv'd: They were walking in with great Chearfulneſs and good Humour, when the Uncle's Face, now render'd infinitely more diſagreeable by the Frown it appear'd dreſs'd in, forbad the Banns of Pleaſure for that Time.

HE was entering with great Vehemence on the Subject of his Viſit, when our Hero, to put the ſhorteſt End poſſible to ſo diſagreeable an Entertainment, produc'd the Draught which he had recover'd,

cover'd, and immediately after laid down the Money and Bills he had receiv'd back with it: 'All this, Sir, 'ſaid he, I have indeed been defrauded 'of, but I have recover'd it again by 'the Friendſhip of this Gentleman, to 'whom I had before a thouſand Obli-'gations, which you will now be a-'ſham'd of having compell'd me to 'make a ſhameful Return for.'

THE old Fellow aſſiſted his Nephew in gathering up the Money and Papers, and ſaw him lock them ſafe up, before he ſpoke a Syllable: As ſoon as this was done: 'You have been oblig'd to this 'Gentleman, you ſay, for getting back 'your Money, and you ſhall be oblig'd 'to me for preſerving it; he has only 'got it back from t'other Rogue, that 'he may plunder you of it himſelf: I 'knew him well enough at the Coffee-'houſe, tho' I did not care to ſay any 'thing to him, whilſt he was taking my 'Part; but I have heard from every 'body, that he has no viſible Way of 'Living; and you may depend upon it, 'he'll never leave you, ſo long as you 'have a Penny he can ſtrip you of.' The old Fellow proceeded to inſiſt upon his

his Nephew's never ſeeing his Friend again, and added many Threatenings to give him up entirely, and to write Word to his Father, to ſend for him back, if he did not diſcard him that Inſtant.

Mr *Spence*, was ſilent: There was nothing for him to ſay to a Perſon ſo infinitely below his Reſentment, and ſo nearly ally'd to his Friend; the young Fellow, whoſe Heart was naturally full of Gratitude and Generoſity, and, at this Time, was elevated to an uncommon Height, by the Joy of finding his loſt Friend, and the Senſe of the Obligations he had to him, cou'd not bear it with ſo much Patience: He beſtow'd ſome harſh Words on the Uncle, and inſiſted on his leaving the Houſe that Moment. The old Man wou'd have found it difficult to have calm'd this Storm, or prevented it's Effects; but Mr *Spence* very generouſly and prudently put a Period to it, by declaring, he wou'd go himſelf: 'Your Uncle, Sir, ſays he, unjuſt and 'brutiſh as he is to me, has nothing but 'the Care of your Affairs in his Thoughts: 'And, whatever Reaſon I have to be 'provok'd at his Treatment, you have 'nothing to accuſe him of, but Error.'

All

All the Sollicitations in the World cou'd not prevail with this Gentleman to ſtay longer, than till he had, in ſome Degre, reconcil'd the Uncle and Nephew; nor wou'd he ſo much as ſay, where he ſhou'd afterwards be heard of. He knew the Father's Temper ſo well, that he was too ſenſible of the Effect a Complaint from the Uncle wou'd have, to give the leaſt Pretext, or Occaſion for it. The Uncle, after ſome more Altercation, went Home, and the Hero of our Story to Bed; but too full of Thought, to leave any Poſſibility of his receiving from it the uſual Refreſhment.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A Converſation in St James's Park.

THE Loſs of ſo worthy, ſo noble, a Friend as Mr *Spence*, left no Room in our Hero's Breaſt for any Thoughts, but thoſe of the Means of recovering him. Where to ſeek after his Lodgings he was wholly ignorant; he knew him ſo entire a Stranger in Town, that an Inquiry after him by Name would be ridiculous; nor was there any Hope of meeting him either on Viſits, or at public Diverſions, both which he had heard him declare an utter Averſion to.

HE had ſpent the whole Morning in hearty Uneaſineſs on this Subject, when a Servant, who attended him as he was dreſſing, and who had been preſent at the Conflict of the Night before, gueſſing that this might be the Source of his preſent Diſquiet, told him, that he had ſeveral times met that Gentleman alone in the *Park* about Noon, and that he fancy'd he always walk'd there at that time.

His

HIS Maſter gave him a Guinea for the Intelligence; aſſum'd a Look of Eaſe and Chearfulneſs, that he had not put on the whole Morning before; hurry'd on his Cloaths, and drove immediately to St *James*'s *Gate*.

HE had ſcarce ſet his Foot in the firſt Walk, when an inarticulate Noiſe, probably more like that heard upon the Inſtant of the Confuſion of Tongues at *Babel*, than any thing elſe in Hiſtory, call'd his Eye toward the Occaſion of it: He had no ſooner fac'd about, than he found himſelf in the Midſt of the jovial Party from whom it came, which conſiſted of eight People, four of each Sex, who had arranged themſelves together, a Man and a Woman alternately, and, joining Hands like Children at Thread-needle, form'd a ſtraight Line that reach'd acroſs the *Mall*, and conſequently turn'd every body they met into one of the other Walks.

ON the Right were Lady *Sophiſt* and Dr *Killdarby*, engaged anew in the famous Diſpute concerning the Immortality of the Soul; the Lady having greatly ſtrengthend herſelf by ſince read-

ing

ing Mr *Toland*'s *Pantheiſticon*, and the Doctor having picked up many Arguments on his Side, from a Paper, entitled, *The Inſpector*. At the other Extremity of the Line were the Ladies, who have choſen to diſtinguiſh themſelves lately by the very expreſſive Names of the *Bold Thunder* and the *Briſk Lightning*, ſeparated by a half-powder'd Beau, of the firſt Magnitude; on the Left of Dr *Killdarby*, walk'd the ſober, the diſcreet, the pretty Miſs *Sedate*; we join heartily with the gentle Reader, in wondering how ſhe got into ſuch Company; and in the Center were poſted the egregious Mr *Dupe* and the elegant Lady *Bloom*.

As our Hero had turned upon them, they put a forc'd Period to a very loud Laugh, which it was not proper he ſhould know was at his Expence: They had diſcovered him at his firſt Entrance into the *Park*; and as Lady *Bloom* had been fully let into the Nature of the Hum ſet on Foot by Mr *Pliant*, and had, on this Occaſion, very good-naturedly communicated it to the Company, it had been reſolved to make him

the

the Subject of their Entertainment on this Topic, for the Morning.

As the Party extended quite acroſs the Walk, it was eaſy to pretend they could not let him into the Chain; and as he found it impoſſible to retreat, after he had once fac'd about upon them, eſpecially as Lady *Bloom* was of the Party, he took his Poſt ſolely in front of the Line, expos'd to Attacks from every Part of it. That the Onſet might not be too groſs, the Company eaſily underſtood one another's Minds, and continued the Subjects of Converſation they had been diverted from, by the Arrival of this new Object. Lady *Sophiſt* urg'd her new-learn'd Arguments with an irreſiſtible Force on the modeſt Doctor: Mr *Tupe* was relating to Lady *Bloom* the Victory that a hundred and fifty of his Companions had obtain'd over ſix People, and the Intrepidity with which they had dragg'd the Hero of the adverſe Party, like *Hector*, behind the Carr of *Achilles*, thro' a Horſepond; and the *Briſk Lightning*, a Lady who has had her Share of Praiſe once already in this Hiſtory, was attacking the Beau, who walk'd on her Left, on his Cruelty

to

to the fineſt Creature in the World, who had nothing in her that he could except againſt, but that ſhe lov'd him: The Beau enjoy'd the Attack as the higheſt of all human Praiſe; he look'd with Contempt and Deteſtation to the whole Sex, and reſolutely anſwered, 'As ex-'cellent an Advocate as you are, Ma-'dam, you will plead in vain on this 'Subject, if you ſpeak for ever. I 'know the B—— for a Tyrant of old; 'many an honeſt Fellow's Heart has 'ach'd to no purpoſe for her: I except 'the preſent Company, Madam, elſe, 'damn 'em, 'tis the Way of them all: 'And we, who have any little Share of 'Merit, ought to treat them accord-'ingly, and revenge the Quarrel of the 'Sex upon them.'

THIS was a fair Opening for the ſettled Buſineſs of the Scene. 'Mr '*Edwards*,' ſays Lady *Bloom*, with a dying Look, and a moſt amiable Diſ-compoſure of Face, 'you are not of 'that Brute's Opinion, I hope: If a 'Lady of any Degree of Merit ſhould 'have Diſcernment enough to ſee you 'were worthy a Paſſion of this kind, 'you would not devote her to Deſtruc-

'tion

'tion in this barbarous Manner.' The Satisfaction of the whole Company was too evident on this Attack, not to inform our Youth, who did not want Apprehenſion, on theſe Occaſions, that they were Parties concern'd in the Queſtion: If he could have doubted this, the Eagerneſs with which they waited his Reply, would have confirmed him in it; and the utter Diſregard paid to all the other private Diſputes of the reſt of the Party, from the Inſtant Lady *Bloom* had open'd her Mouth, gave him full Conviction that he was to be ſhewn off for the Diverſion of the Company. He determin'd to give into it to the utmoſt, till he found an Opportunity of retorting the Deſign upon herſelf to ſufficient Advantage: He anſwered with a great deal of Coolneſs, 'That 'the Caſe wou'd be by no Means paral-'lel: That, if a Lady ſhould honour 'him with a Paſſion that could only 'have it's rational Source from ſuch 'Accompliſhments, as that Gentleman 'was happy in poſſeſſing, he ſhould 'rather condemn her Taſte, than take 'Pride in the imaginary Effects of his 'own Merit.'

'Eh!

'Eh! Badinage!' replies the Lady, with infinite Affectation, 'Come, come, 'you know there is not a prettier Fel-'low in Town than yourſelf; and you 'very well know an unhappy Acquain-'tance of mine is too ſenſible of it. I 'ſeriouſly beg you to declare, before 'this Company, that you may not 'think of going back from it, what it 'is that you intend to do with her?' 'Every thing in the World, Madam,' reply'd the Youngſter, 'but believe 'her. Your Ladyſhip will pardon me, continued he, 'but I cannot help ob-'ſerving, this is the laſt Subject in the 'World that you are form'd for ſhining 'upon in Converſation.' 'I find, Sir,' replies the Lady, with a downcaſt Look, and a very well-affected Sigh, 'you 'have really all that Brutality in your 'Heart, that this other flighty Monſter 'only affects to put on.' The Com-pany were whiſpering, that Lady *Bloom* ſhone away glorioufly this Morning; that nothing ever came ſo near Reality as this Confuſion; and were every one of them beginning to hate her heartily for her ſuperior Talents at this glorious Art, when ſhe continued in a faultering Tone,

'Tis barbarous in you, Mr *Edwards*, 'to be trifling on ſuch a ſerious Sub-'ject: Suppoſe, Sir, I were to tell 'you————' The Manner, in which ſhe pronounced this broken Sentence, added vaſtly to the Applauſe of the Company, and to their Envy. Lady *Sophiſt*, out of all Patience to be conquer'd thus openly in her favourite Art, could not help hinting, that ſhe wiſhed they were not all humm'd, except the young Fellow: 'For my Part,' ſays ſhe, 'when Art comes ſo very near 'Nature, I ſhall always be apt to gueſs 'there is Nature at the Bottom.' The Company had not time to deliver their Sentiments on this intereſting Subject, before the Youth, who now ſaw the Opportunity he had all this time been waiting for, went up cloſe to Lady *Bloom*, and in a Whiſper which he took care all the Company ſhould hear, told her, 'I am amaz'd, Madam, you will 'urge me in Public upon a Subject, I 'have ſo honeſtly told you my Heart 'about already. I know I am in the 'Wrong; but of all Womankind, 'charming as you are, you are the laſt 'I could think of with Tenderneſs.'

IT was not Mr *Edward*'s Buſineſs to wait for an Anſwer to this Declaration; he turn'd off upon his Heel, and left the Company without Ceremony. Lady *Bloom* was mad with Rage, but in hopes the Company had not heard what had been ſaid to her, and which it was by no Means her Buſineſs to repeat, ſhe remained ſilent. The reſt of the Party were no fonder of talking about a Thing they did not wiſh to ſee placed in a better Light; they dropp'd off one by one, and ſuch hearty Pains did they take to let the World into the Secret they had juſt diſcovered, at their Morning Viſits, that there was not a Card-table within the Hundreds of St *James*'s, at which it was not perfectly known that Evening, that Lady *Bloom* was in Love with a young *Creole* to Deſperation, and that he did not like her, nor would by any means be induced to viſit her, or ſtay any where in her Company.

CHAP. V.

Character of a very amiable Lady; whom the Reader will ſee Mr Edwards *is in a fair Way to be very well acquainted with.*

IT may be remember'd, that, in the Liſt of the Party our Hero met with in the *Mall*, we mention'd a Lady whom we expreſs'd our Wonder at ſeeing in ſuch Company. Mr *Edwards* began in reality, by this time, to look on his late Flame, Lady *Bloom*, with all the Contempt he had but affected at their laſt Rencounter. The other celebrated Belles of the Party did not appear to him in a much more favourable Light, but it was much otherwiſe in regard to this ſingular Lady; her ſenſible Diſcourſe, her decent Deportment, her amiable Diffidence, and a thouſand other good Qualities, which thoſe who know Miſs *Sedate*, and indeed who is it that does not? will know it is needleſs to mention, added to the Artillery of her Looks, which never failed to command the Adoration they ſeemed not to deſire to receive, had taken deeper hold of his Heart,

Heart, than any thing he had yet met with in the *European* Quarter of the Globe.

We ſhall not preſume to call his Senſations, in regard to this Lady, abſolute Love; perhaps that is a Paſſion the human Breaſt is capable of but once; certainly, all the Emotions he had felt on theſe Occaſions, among our Women of Face and Faſhion, were much inferior in their Force and Tenderneſs to thoſe he had been inſpir'd with by Miſs *Wentworth*. From the Time of his receiving the News of that Lady's Death, he had bid farewel to all Thoughts of a Paſſion like that which he had felt for her; but as he had no Intention to live among Mankind not like one of the Species, he had given way to every Effort that ſeemed at all of kin to his firſt Thoughts on this Subject, and perhaps had been as much in Love with Lady *Bloom* and Miſs *Sparkle*, as a modern fine Gentleman ever is in Love with any thing.

His Ideas of Miſs *Sedate* aroſe to ſomething conſiderably more like Adoration, than what he had felt on either

of theſe Occaſions; and, if they did not come up to abſolute Love, they had a Combination of Deſire and Eſteem that approached conſiderably near it.

HE found Means of enquiring after her of all the Party in which he had met her, but he found not one of them, except Lady *Bloom* alone, knew any thing of her, and that ſhe would not tell. He had, with ſome Difficulty, got her Name; and he was ſo aſſiduous in his Inquiries in all Parts of the Town, and among all Sorts of People, that he at length found it belonged to a Daughter of a very eminent Perſon in the Philoſophic World; and whoſe perſonal Merit had raiſed him to the Dignity of Head of a Body of Men, among whom Points of this Nature were diſputed and determin'd.

EVERY body join'd in giving her a Character, that at once increaſed his Admiration, and convinced him ſhe was of all Women the beſt form'd for making a Huſband and a Family happy. His Fortune was ſuch, as her Relations he knew could not object to; his reputed Eſtate, ſuch as muſt gain him an

an Admittance every-where: The Lady's Circumſtances he learn'd, on Inquiry, were ſuch as his Father wou'd have no Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with: He reſolved to marry, and he determin'd on this Lady as the Woman.

WITH all theſe previous Conſiderations ſettled, he had determined on the next Day for the Ceremony of waiting on her Father. In the Evening before, he by perfect Accident met with his Friend again: To him he unboſom'd his whole Plan; and he was extreamly happy in finding this Gentleman perfectly well knew the Father of the Lady, and could have given him all the Information he had already been at ſuch Pains to obtain. He found, indeed, that he knew much more of the Family than any body he had hitherto ſpoke with on the Subject: He intreated him to inform him of every thing that he knew of it without reſerve, and Mr *Spenſe* comply'd with his Requeſt in the following Manner:

'MR *Seaute*, the Father of the Lady, 'you intend your Addreſſes to, is a 'Man of Family, Character, and For-

'tune. His Reputation in the World, 'as a Man of Senſe, is unexceptionable; 'and his Eſtate is not leſs than three 'thouſand Pounds a Year. The only 'Failing in his moral Character is, that 'he is eaſily impoſed on by People 'whom he thinks well of, and when 'miſled, is incapable of being ſet right 'again; and the only one in his Œco-'nomy is, the engaging in an expen-'ſive Office, which the World at this 'time are hardly in a Humour to al-'low an honourable one. I give you 'theſe Hints, that you may take Care 'to be well with his Friends, whom 'I will point out to you, and that you 'may not expect your Miſtreſs's 'Fortune to be much enlarged by the 'Savings of a Man, whom you do not 'ſee guilty of any Extravagance.

'THERE is an elder Daughter of 'the Family, a Widow, who marry'd 'indiſcreetly, and who, in Conſequence 'of the irreconcileable Temper of the 'Father, will never be received again, 'or diſturb the Poſſeſſion which this 'unmarry'd one has of his Heart: He 'doats on her, and ſhe deſerves it; he 'would, I believe, be averſe to any im-

'mediate

'mediate Propoſal of Marriage, from 'his mere Unwillingneſs to part with 'her, but there is a Way by which you 'may ſucceed. In order to court the 'Lady with Succeſs, you muſt firſt 'court him; and, to court him with 'Succeſs, you muſt attack him on his 'weak Side, his Fondneſs for Philoſo-'phy. Offer yourſelf, with your whole 'Fortune in your Hand, and you will 'be turned out of Doors; but carry 'him a petrify'd Cockle-ſhell, or a 'dry'd Toadſtool, and you ſhall be 'received into his Arms, and he will 'beſtow the Darling of his Heart upon 'you, as the only Medal worthy to re-'ward ſuch unequal'd Diſcoveries.'

Mr *Spenſe* was indeed thoroughly acquainted with the Family he talk'd of, and the Advice he gave had all the Appearance of Reaſon on it's Side. Whether he did not foreſee ſome farther Effect from it than can yet appear to the Reader, or whether indeed he wiſhed the young Gentleman to ſucceed in his Addreſſes to the Lady or not, are Secrets that may poſſibly be diſcloſed in the Sequel of the Hiſtory. The Youth determin'd to follow his Advice, but he

trembled at the Thought of appearing before ſuch a Maſter of a Science he had never ſtudy'd, in Quality of an Admirer of it. The Friend, who had adviſ'd him thus far, did not deſert him in this Neceſſity; he engag'd himſelf to furniſh him with a Subject, and put him in the Way of knowing what to ſay about it; and even promiſed to ſet him on the beſt Footing imaginable in the Family, by making the Acquaintance be of Mr *Sedate*'s own ſeeking. To this Purpoſe he told him, he would introduce him on the next public Day, to a Perſon in Office, under this Head of the Philoſophic Body; where that Gentleman ſometimes condeſcended to viſit, and where he would, if he miſs'd ſeeing him, be accuſtom'd, however, to Philoſophic Diſcourſes, by hearing allthe eminent Men of the Body delivering their Sentiments with great Familiarity. The Youth profeſſed eternal Obligation to his Friend and Patron, and they parted, for the firſt Time, with knowing where they were to meet again.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Character of Dr Single Doſe. *Short Mention of Mrs* Single Doſe, *and the Plan of their public Entertainments.*

THE Gentleman, whoſe public Day was to give our Hero an Opportunity of commencing Philoſopher, and meeting the Father of his Miſtreſs by Accident, was himſelf a *Primi Subſellii Philoſophus*. He had many Years enjoy'd an Office in the learned Body we have already had ſeveral Occaſions of mentioning, but with this great Advantage over his Patron, that, while that Gentleman's Finances paid the full Price of his Honour, this Officer was paid for making himſelf ridiculous. He was a Phyſician as well as Philoſopher: By long Study and Experience had arriv'd at a Perfection in the latter Science, equal to that he had in the former; and his utmoſt Modeſty could not ſuppreſs his Pride, in declaring, that, as he unravell'd all the Intricacies of Philoſophy at one Examination, ſo he cured all Diſeaſes by a ſingle Doſe of his Noſtrums.

HE had gone ſo far at one time, as to offer himſelf to Families by the Year as Phyſician, and to engage to cure them of all Diſeaſes one way or other, at a Guinea a Head, or, as the Poet admirably expreſſes it,

At one Pound one per *Head*, per Ann.
ye ſmall
And great, the Doctor kills or cures
you all.

But whether the World thought this was an Impoſition, as a ſingle Doſe might be had for half that Money, and every Perſon in a Family could not expect in reaſon to be ſick every Year; or whether the Phyſicians, who ſaw the inevitable Ruin of their Profeſſion by this Scheme conſpir'd againſt it, we know not; but ſo it was, that the ingenious Gentleman never found Opportunities of doing much good or harm on theſe Terms.

THE Doctor, after ſome other ill Succeſſes of a like Kind, determin'd to ſet out in a new Way of acquiring Buſineſs. Poetry and Painting had long been

been declared Siſter Sciences; Philoſophy and Phyſic he was perfectly convinc'd were no leſs ſo: To be eminent in one, he concluded would prove him not of the meaneſt Rank in the other. His Office in the ſupreme Court of Philoſophic Judicature gave him an indiſputable Claim to rank high on this Subject: He took Care to inform the World of his Importance, by publiſhing his Titles at full length, diſtinguiſhing himſelf as *Aſſociate to* this Body that he had never ſeen, *Fellow* of that Community which no body elſe had ever heard of, and *Correſpondent* of a certain very venerable old Lady, to whom he had written a Letter that ſhe never anſwered.

His Fame was no ſooner blazon'd in this manner to the World, than he eſtabliſh'd this public Day for the Reception of his Friends. Cards were diſpers'd to all parts of the Town, expreſſing that Dr *Single Doſe* gave Tea every *Tueſday* Afternoon at Five preciſely; and it being whiſper'd about at the ſame Time, that the ſeven Sages of of *Great Britain* always met at that Place and Hour, there ſeldom fail'd to be rather more Company than there were

were Chairs for in one Apartment; and a Crowd of female Liſteners about the Keyhole of the Door, that communicated with an adjoining one; eſpecially on thoſe Nights, when a Hermaphrodite, or ſome other Phænomenon which concern'd the Sexes, was to be the Subject of Diſquiſition; which the Doctor's Lady, a Perſonage whom, though we have hitherto taken no Notice of, we may poſſibly have Occaſion to mention hereafter, never fail'd to give timely Notice of about the Neighbourhood, and among the Circle of her Acquaintance.

ON one of theſe Evenings it was, that Mr *Spenſe* was to introduce his young Friend to the Acquaintance of Dr *Single Doſe*, and by his Means to the whole learned World. As he was to preſent him as a Lover of Natural Knowledge, he took no leſs than four Days to inſtruct him in the Terms and Rudiments of the Science, and having furniſhed him with a Specimen, which was no other than a *dry'd Whiting*, that had been part of the Ship's Stores, he aſſur'd him of the Succeſs of his Undertaking.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A Converſation at a Philoſophical Club interrupted by a very ſurpriſing Incident.

A VERY eminent and accompliſh'd Clergyman, I remember, has told me, that on his firſt Introduction into a Family of Conſequence, on which he had much Dependence, he was inform'd, about two Hours before the Time of praying to the Family, that this was to be done Extempore, not according to the Church Form: he beſtow'd, as he tells the Story, all the intermediate Time in preparing his Prayer; but, the Moment the great Bell gave the Signal for his entering the Chapel, every Idea he had before form'd, deſerted him; his Thoughts were as utterly unprepared, as if that had been the firſt Moment of his having Notice of his Buſineſs, and he was forc'd to begin at random.

So far'd it with our young Philoſopher, at his firſt Viſit to this public Receiver of the Wiſe. The four Days of his Preparation had been ſpent, to at leaſt as good Purpoſe, as the two Hours of

of the Reverend Gentleman juſt mentioned, and he had got together as many Words as the other had Ideas: But no ſooner did the weighty Hoſt take him by the Hand, and welcome him to the Regions of Wiſdom, than every Syllable he had got by heart was obliterated; and he, who cou'd before have roll'd glibly over his Tongue, the *Titanoceratophyton*, and *Hypophyllo-cono-carpodendron* of *Boerhaave*; the *Coriotragematadendros* of *Plukenet*; the *Caraſceron* and *Galeobdolon* of *Rivinus*; the *Clathroidaſtrum* of *Micheli*; the *Achrochordodendros* of *Knaut*; or the *Antaſtriformipolyplatycarpoides* of *Klein*; the *Arbitochoutus* of *Vaillant*; and the *Stachiſarpogophora* of *Breynius*; now cou'd not have told that *Bellis* was *Latin* for a Daiſy, or *Fungus* for a Muſhroom, if the Saving of his Soul, or what was much more to him at preſent, the Gaining of his Miſtreſs had depended upon it. He found it wou'd be neceſſary for him to ſay little; and venturing to tell the Doctor, that, as this was the firſt Night of his having the Honour of meeting ſuch Company, he ſhou'd be a Hearer only, during the Courſe of the Evening, the Maſter of the Ceremony repeated

peated the Reſolution to the Company, who, taking it as a tacit Encomium on their own Qualifications, readily accepted the Excuſe, and ſaid many civil Things about the fair Preſage ſuch Modeſty gave of riſing Merit.

Mr *Edwards* was, on the Recommendation of Mr *Spence*, who was a Man of allow'd Judgment, now dub'd a Philoſopher; and was very regularly and methodically introduc'd to every Member of theCompany, in their ſeveral Ranks and Orders, which (excepting for the Deference paid to a Foreigner of Diſtinction in the firſt Salute) was not according to Title or Seniority, but in Conſequence of the Number of learned Performances each had oblig'd the World with.

As our Hero had before been inform'd of this Right of Priority in theſe Meetings, he was ſtrangely ſurpris'd, at being firſt introduc'd to a gay, ſmiling, bold-fac'd, powder'd-periwig'd Fellow, who had hitherto been talking of nothing but his *Burgundy* and his Miſtreſs; and not leſs ſo, to find the Liſt clos'd with the Doctor himſelf, who, tho' he had oblig'd the World ſo far, as, many Years before, to engage for

for a Folio or two, had not thought it convenient yet to be at the Pains of writing, or the Expence of printing them; and who, tho' he had certainly had ſome Sort of Share in the Publication of more Books than any one ſince that Time; at preſent valu'd himſelf principally on a Folio Collection of Tobacco Papers, which he confeſs'd, as he took his new Friend by the Hand, were not yet ready for the Preſs, in the Form in which he intended to favour the World with them.

THE Company, for this Evening, conſiſted of a *Spaniſh* Count, attended by Madam *Le Compteſſe*, and a led Captain, whoſe Mouth was drawn into a peculiar Form, by the frequent Pronouncing of three Words, *Cet illuſtre Chef*, which always made at leaſt two Thirds of his whole Converſation, tho' he never fail'd to ſeize the Opportunity of a Ceſſation on other Parts, to deſcribe the Magnanimity or Conduct the Hardſhips or Diſtreſſes, of his *illuſtre* Companion: Next to theſe ſat the powder'd Doctor already mention'd, who had oblig'd the World with many Volumes of all Sorts, on all Kinds of Subjects, and had written

written juſt as well of any one, as of any other of them. At the upper End of the Room, ſtood an empty Arm-chair for the Father of our Hero's Miſtreſs: The reſt was fill'd ſomewhat indiſcriminately, with Philoſophers, Antiquarians, Mathematicans, and Mechanics. A *Scotch* Peaſant produc'd a New Orrery; a *German* Mechanic, a Table Fountain contriv'd to play in a Deſert, to the great Entertainment, and Bedabbling of every body preſent; and the Doctor's Son and Heir, the Model of a new invented Mouſe-trap. The Audience conſiſted of the Doctor's Taylor; an *Anabaptiſt* Preacher; a converted *Jew* who ſold Spectacles; an Atheiſt and two *Roman* Catholics; a blind Fidler, who fully expected he ſhould be reſtor'd to Sight by the Doctor's Noſtrums; and the Maſter and Miſtreſs of a Pamphlet-ſhop at *Charing-Croſs*, with whom his Works, entire, were always to be met with.

The People who ſpoke beſide the above-mention'd, were Mr *Storm*, the Inventor of a new Religion; Mr *Farthing*, a Collector of a peculiar Species of *Engliſh* Coins; Mr *Sage*, the Author of

of a very egregious Hiſtory of Printing, in which, one of *Swift*'s Prophecies is given as a Specimen of the Letter of one of our earlieſt Printers, and a *Maker of Bologna Sauſages*, who had diſcover'd the Longitude.

MR *Farthing* took the Advantage of the firſt Ceſſation on the Part of the illuſtrious *Spaniard*, to declare to the Company, that, after having been now eight Years in ſearch of a *Maidenhead*, after having been promis'd one by Fifty of the common Dealers in thoſe Commodities, after having had fifty counterfeit ones brought to him, all which he diſcover'd to be Cheats, the Inſtant he got into the Legends; in ſhort, after having ten Times overpaid Mr *C*——, ten times as much as a true one wou'd have been worth, for pretended ones; and after having ſought for one in vain, among your pretended People of Honour; he had at length met with a genuine one, in the Poſſeſſion of a Cinder-ſifter, upon one of the Dung-hills behind St *Giles*'s, which he had taken Poſſeſſion of upon the Spot, for One and Six-pence.

THE

THE Antiquarian was in Raptures, and ſome other of the Company cou'd not forbear licking their Lips at the Relation; half a dozen of them were gathering at once about the happy Man, to be let into more Particulars of the Story, when a dreadful Thundering, from the Room above, at once terrify'd and aſtoniſh'd the whole Aſſembly. Some imagin'd it the Report of a Chymical Veſſel, burſt in one of the Doctor's Furnaces; others took it for the Shock of a third Earthquake, the Noiſes of the two former having been evidently perceiv'd overhead (a great Proof of the Propriety of the Term by which they were expreſs'd;) the Doctor turn'd pale as Death, and plainly enough diſcover'd, that he underſtood it to be ſomething more terrible than either: The *Anabaptiſt* declar'd it was a Judgment for Mr *Farthing*'s profane Speaking: And the Atheiſt was diſcover'd, after ſome Moments, lying at his Length under the Table, and repeating the Apoſtle's Creed. During this Interval of Silence and Confuſion, a Servant had enter'd the Room with Terror in his Aſpect; but, before he cou'd deliver his Meſſage, the Company were thrown

thrown into a more violent Conſterna-tion than the former, by a Repetition of the ſame Sound, only more vehement and longer continu'd.

We not doubt, gentle Reader, but thou art eager to know what this tremen-dous Noiſe was; but as we do not uſe to make great Preparations for trivial Events, nor call in God's or Devils to our Aſſiſtance,

Niſi dignus Vindice nodus:

Thy Patience muſt be ſuſpended, till, on ſo important an Occaſion as this, we begin a new Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

An Explanation of the terrible Alarm given in the laſt Chapter.

IT was a Quarter after Eight, in the Month of *October*, when the Company at Doctor *Singledoſe*'s Drum (who had patiently enough gone without their Tea, on being inform'd, that the Lady of the Houſe had gone out upon a Viſit, and had inadvertently lock'd up the Cups) receiv'd the Alarm of the Sound, which had broke in upon Mr *Farthing*'s important Relation, and ſo utterly diſconcerted the Company at the End of the laſt Chapter. The Doctor, on this Repetition of it, had, however, greatly calm'd every body's Terrors, by ordering the Servant, who, all this while, ſtood trembling before them, to tell the Gentleman above, that he was engag'd in ſuch a Manner with his Friends, on a very ſerious Subject, that he cou'd not poſſibly come up juſt that Minute, but wou'd wait on him preſently,

THE Company had ſcarce Time to congratulate themſelves on the Diſcovery,

very, that this Noiſe was ſo vaſtly inferior to an Earthquake in it's Violence and Effects, when they had ſufficient Reaſon to find that Diſcovery was hardly a true one. The Door of the upper Apartment clap'd to with a Violence, that ſhook the whole Fabric; the Stairs from their Foundations ſhook beneath the Rattling of hoſtile Feet, that pour'd with ſcarce leſs Rage or Rapidity along them, than the broken Waves over the Cataracts of the *Nile*; the Door of the Parlour, in which they were aſſembled, burſt open, and in the Middle of the Company, before it was poſſible to conceive any body had enter'd the Room, appear'd the horrific Front of Mrs *Single Doſe*.

'WHAT, you extravagant, ye-ye-ye-'ye idle Fool, becauſe I wont let you 'have Tea for your Goſſips, do you in-'tend to keep e'm here all Night to 'ruin me with Fire and Candle? Ye 'may be aſham'd of yourſelves, ye 'pitiful beggerly Crew as ye, are be-'cauſe you ſee a Man is ſoft and fooliſh, 'to eat and drink him out of Houſe 'and Home in this Manner, What 'good did any of 'em do you? I'd be

'glad

'glad to know, ye poor ſpirited-Fool,
'that you dare not tell 'em of it. I
'know well enough, you make all their
'Books, and their Nonſenſe for 'em,
'and they wou'd never get a Half-pen-
'ny, if it were not for your Brains;
'but what did they ever do for you, I
'aſk you that? Did any of 'em ever
'take a ſingle Doſe of your Phyſic; or,
'if they did, I'll be hang'd, if they
'ever paid for it. Go your Ways, for
'a great *Eſſex* Calf, as you always call
'yourſelf; you don't call yourſelf out
'of your Name, when you ſay ſo, take
'my Word for it. ——'

She was proceeding in this Torrent of Eloquence, but a Slap on the Forehead, which ſhe had given the peaceful Doctor at the End of the laſt Sentence (whether it were meant as a Chaſtiſement, or as a Piece of contemptuous Dalliance, we will not preſume to ſay) fell'd him as ſuddenly, as ever did the Blow of a Butcher's Ax a more full grown Creature of the ſame Species, to the Ground. On this, the Torrent of her Revilings turn'd ſolely on the Company: 'Now' exclaims ſhe, 'ye pitiful Fellows what will you
'all of you do for me and my Children,

'if my poor Husband is got kill'd 'among you: An honest Pains-taking 'Man as any in the Parish, if it were 'not for such Vermin, as you are, eat-'ing him up.'

THE Company were oblig'd to interfere at this Period, to tell the Lady, that the Violence of her Action had thrown a *Japan* Skreen into the Fire, which it was impossible for them to get out of the Flames till she mov'd. The poor Doctor, who, from the Consolation of the relenting Temper his Wife expres's'd in the last Sentence, had taken hope of reconciling all again, open'd his Eyes: But the Word *Japan* was no sooner pronounc'd, whether any such Word had any Connexion with the Title of the Book the Doctor was to have publish'd, or by whatever other Combination of Ideas it brought the Book into the Heroine's Mind, I know not, but she instantly flew out upon the Name: The Honesty of her reviving Husband vanish'd before it; and, 'Ay, says she, '*Japan* indeed, I'll japan ye, you scurvy 'Fellow; I don't suppose there's one of 'these Gentlemen here, but what you 'have promis'd the Book to, tho' you

'know

'know well enough, you never de-'ſign'd to publiſh it: Ay, ay, if you 'uſe your Friends, that ſupport you, 'and recommend you, and put Bread 'into your Mouth in this Manner, I 'don't wonder your poor Wife and Chil-'dren are treated no better by you.'

MATTERS were now growing to a more terrible Height than ever, the Heroine having ſeiz'd upon the looſe Leg of a Chair, to execute Vengeance on the proſtrate Doctor; but Mr *Spence* interpos'd, and the whole Company pleading in favour of the vanquiſh'd, and promiſing not to give her Provocation again by repeating their Viſits, ſhe at once laid down her Weapon and her Anger; and, as they walk'd out of the Door, led the peaceful Doctor up Stairs under her Arm, with great conjugal Affection.

THERE are very few Incidents, be they as diſagreeable as they will to the Parties more immediately concern'd, that are not attended with favourable Conſequences to ſome body. The Hero of our Story, who was at this Time quite unprepar'd to ſpeak of his dry'd Whiting, found this an excellent Excuſe for his

not ſo much as producing it: The Doctor unwilling to loſe the Information his Viſiter came, as he imagin'd, fraught with, whiſper'd him, juſt before they parted, that it wou'd be a very acceptable Thing to the whole Body, if he wou'd produce his Specimen, and his Obſervations on it, at their next full Meeting, which was to be two Days after: He parted with a Promiſe of doing ſo, and by this Means, obtain'd that Period of Time for the farther Improvement in his Studies. As we ſhall not chuſe to diſturb him at them, we ſhall make that Blank in our Hiſtory a Separation of this Part of it into two Books, tho' the Story be continu'd,

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF Mr George Edwards, A CREOLE.

BOOK the Fourth.

In which he does not get a bit nearer his Miſtreſs, than where we juſt now left him.

CHAP. I.

A Meeting of a Philoſophic Body, and the Entertainment afforded by the Members.

THE auguſt Body was aſſembled: The Clock had ſtruck Five; the Mace was laid upon the Table, and the Officers were ſeated in their reſpective Places, when our Hero was introduc'd to the Community, as a Perſon who had a Curioſity to lay before them, and who wou'd accompany his

ſhewing the Specimen, with ſome Reaſonings upon it.

HIS Terrors made him requeſt, that his Share of the Entertainment might be the laſt produc'd; and, as this was readily complied with, he had leiſure to compoſe his Spirits before he was called upon, at the ſame Time that he was let into the Importance and Reaſonableneſs of the Diſquiſitions he was admitted to, by the following Particulars, which were ſerved up in Order.

A MELON was firſt ſhewn, remarkable for it's Size, it's Weight being no leſs than ſixty-two Pounds, and it's Surface, notwithſtanding this, wholly like that of other Melons. Every Member crowded, to have it to ſay afterwards, that he had touch'd ſo immenſe a Curioſity; and the Gardener, who had brought it, after it had paſſed the critical Examination of all preſent, was diſmiſs'd with the Thanks of the Body, and a Reward, and not without the private Admonitions of the Door-keeper, to have a Picture of it drawn by the ingenious Mr *Hogarth*, and ſo ſhew it, as People do the Panopticon and Coloſſus, *approved by the Royal Society*.

A VERY

A very grave and learned Member of the Body next produc'd an Account of a Lady, who having laid her Hand, in the Dark, upon ſomething which ſhe took to be a Rat, mark'd the Child, with which ſhe was then big, with a Robin-red-breaſt.

It appear'd, indeed, the next Morning, that it was a Robin, that the Lady had touch'd; and we are inform'd, two of the Gentlemen who were preſent, are, at this Time, about to engage in a Literary Diſpute, which will probably be extended to ſome Volumes, whether it ought to have been the Thing really touch'd, or the Thing ſuppos'd to have been touch'd, that the Child ſhou'd have borne the Impreſſion of: In theſe curious Diſquiſitions, we are told, the Seat of the Soul, the Means of the Communication of it with the Body, and the Effects of Imagination in wounding, tearing, and annihilating corporeal Objects, will be very fully treated of.

The third Article conſiſted of a Letter from a learned *German*, who, finding that the Literati of *England* were at this

Time Petrifaction-mad; and having heard that they had already met with petrify'd Hams, petrify'd Legs of Veal, petrify'd Eggs, and petrify'd Sturgeon; and thinking that nothing was wanting but the proper Means of dreſſing theſe ſeveral Bodies, in order to afford a truly Philoſophic Entertainment, ſent them Word, that he had ſent over, by the good Ship *Hector*, ſome *petrify'd Flames of Fire*. He added, that he had been oblig'd to pay a conſiderable Inſurance againſt their burning out the Bottom of the Box in which they were ſent, and, by that Means, firing the Ship; which, as well as the Charge of a Perſon employ'd to watch them, to prevent ſuch Accidents, he doubted not, the Body wou'd repay with Pleaſure, in Conſideration of ſo curious and unheard of a Foſſil. The Name of this curious Commentator was *John George Frederic William Charles Erneſt Auguſtus Bruckman*; this had been confuſedly read among the *Doctiſſimus*'s and *Celeberrimus*'s, with which it ſtood intermingled at the Top of the Letter; but the Name of the Place of his Reſidence, which was *Wolfenbottle*, ſtanding at the Bottom, where we uſually put our Names, with

the

the Word *Scribebam* before it; the very accurate and intelligent Doctor *Single Doſe* read it in ſuch a Manner, that the Thanks of the Body were directed to be return'd to the very learned and ingenious Doctor *Scribonius Wolfenbottle*, for this curious and valuable Preſent, whenever it ſhou'd be receiv'd.

After this, was produc'd an Account of a *Petropolitan* Nobleman, whom Nature had intended for a Man of Weight; but, who not chuſing to be encumber'd with more Body than his favourite Hunter cou'd conveniently carry, had Inciſions annually made in his Arms, Legs, Back, Sides, and Belly, and the Fat carefully ſcoop'd out from every Part of his Body.

The laſt Diſh, furniſh'd independently of our Hero, was a Letter from a young Lady on her Travels, giving an Account of the bury'd City of *Herculaneum*; this laugh'd at all the former pompous Stories from the ſame Place, and deſtroy'd the Credit of the Pictures ſo much boaſted of; but, in return, it mention'd ſeveral Particulars of the utmoſt Conſequence; ſuch as *Bruſſels* Lace of an

exquiſite Pattern, made of the Aſbeſtus Stone, and therefore unhurt by the Fire and Brimſtone; a Leg of Mutton, that had evidently been raw, when the Deſtruction happen'd, but was compleatly well dreſs'd by the Subterranean Fires; and, leſt Bread ſhou'd be wanting to eat with it, a petrify'd Quartern-loaf, with the Baker's Name upon it.

It appear'd afterwards, that the Firſt of the curious Subjects, produc'd this Evening, before this learned Body, was a Pumpkin, which the artful Gardener had ſcratch'd the Coat of, while young; That, as to the Second, it was not a Bird, called a Robin-red-breaſt, but the Shoulder of one *Robin*, a Servant in the Family, that the Lady had lean'd upon; that the main Buſineſs of the learned *German* was to get an *Engliſh* Watch; which on his having given ſome ſlight Hint, that it would be agreeable to him, was ſent by the firſt Ship; and that, when his petrify'd Flames of Fire arriv'd, they were no more than two Toad-ſtools that had grown in an old Chimney; and that the two laſt Articles were no other than Banters from a very ſevere Satyriſt, who had before laugh'd

laugh'd at the Body for it's Credulity, and who had ventur'd Wagers among his Companions, that they were not yet cur'd, but that theſe Accounts wou'd be well receiv'd among them. Our Hero's Communication came next in Order, but, that being by no Means of a Piece with theſe ideal Diſcoveries, we ſhall reſerve it for the Subject of another Chapter.

CHAP. II.

An Ichthyological Diſſertation upon a dry'd Whiting.

THE Subjects mention'd in the former Chapter, Accounts of every one of which may be found in the Minutes of the Body whoſe Diſcoveries we are celebrating, and the Relations of which, at large, we flatter ourſelves will hereafter appear in their Publications, having been diſcuſſed in this ample and entertaining Manner; Mr *George Edwards* was handed up to the Table in form: He there produced the Curioſity every body was ſo big with the Expectation of ſeeing; and with it deliver'd a Paper to one of the Secretaries, who read it aloud in the following Words:

THE Animal, which I have the Honour to lay before this learned and ingenious Body, is a Fiſh.

MAN has been defin'd to be, *Animal bipes et implume*, an Animal with two Feet, and without Feathers. A Fiſh, on the contrary, is ſaid to be, *Animal Apodum*

Apodum pinnis præditum, an Animal without any Feet at all, and furniſhed with Fins. Such is the received Definition of this Claſs of Animals; but, to me, this appears ſhorter than it ought to be, and, with the Permiſſion of this honourable Body, I would take the Liberty of perfecting it in the following Manner:

Piſcis eſt animal apodum, pinnis ſemper præditum; vel bronchiis vel pulmonibus reſpirans, plerumque in aqua habitans, ibique vel ſolis pinnis vel flexuoſo corporis impulſu ſimul natans, interdum vero in terram ſponte egrediens, et quandoque in aere ſupra aquam ope pinnarum pectoralium volans. Whoever will be pleaſed to conſider the Treatiſe of a very learned Author, *De Piſcibus in ſicco viventibus*, and at the ſame Time will obſerve, that this Definition of mine excludes Crabs, Lobſters, and Prawns, together with all Kinds of Shell-fiſh, while it comprehends Eels, Whales, Sea-cows, and Flying-Fiſh, will, I preſume, allow me the Juſtice of it.

HAVING thus eſtabliſhed the Characters of Fiſh in general, we are to conſider them, as divided by Nature into five

five Claſſes. Theſe I ſhall beg Leave to expreſs, by Terms borrowed from the *Greek*, calling them *Malacopterygii*, *Acanthopterygii*, *Branchioſtegi*, *Chondropterygii*, and *Plagiuri*, expreſſing the different Nature of their Fins, the Structure of the Parts about their Gills, and the horizontal or perpendicular Situation of their Tails.

IT will appear, Gentlemen, that the Subject before us is one of the firſt Claſs of Fiſhes, the *Malacopterygii*, which are diſtinguiſhed from all the others, by their having the Rays of their Fins bony, but not pungent, *quarum radii oſſei quidem ſunt, ſed nullo modo pungentes.*

THE Head, Gentlemen, you will be pleaſed to obſerve, is depreſs'd, and it has ſeven Bones in the Membrane, covering the Gills; it will therefore appear very plainly to you, that it is a *Gadus*, the generical Characters of that Genus being, that the Head is either *cathetoplateous*, or *plagioplateous*; that the *Branchioſtege Membrane* has ſeven Bones of a cylindric Figure in it, and that there

there are either two or three Fins on the Back.

FROM it's Genus, I ſhall beg Leave to deſcend to it's ſpecific Names. *Belonius* has call'd it, *Merlangus*, a Name which evidently confounds it with another Fiſh. Mr *Ray*, *Aſellus*, a Denomination which puts one in Mind of a *Wood-louſe*. *Aldrovand* calls it, *Aſellus minor*; and *Rondeletius*, *Secunda Aſellorum Species*; which Names alſo, in my Opinion, convey no better Idea than that of a *little Wood-louſe*, or *a Wood-louſe different from ſome one that the Author had deſcribed before*. If I may take the Liberty of giving it a Name that may live in your Collections, I ſhall call it, *Gadus dorſo tripterygio, ore imberbi, corpore albo, maxilla ſuperiore longiore*. The *Danes*, I find, call it *Koller*; the *Germans*, *Ein Moll*; and the *Swedes*, *Twiſtling*.

FROM it's Names, I ſhall take the Liberty of proceeding to point out the moſt ſingular and remarkable Circumſtances of it's Form. It's Head, Gentlemen, you may perceive, is of an irregular

regular Figure; it's Back is convex, and it's A——e is remarkably near it's Head. It's Colour is white, except on the Back, where it is grey, and the Scales are very ſmall and round: It's Noſtrils are large, and ſtand in the Midway between the Eyes and the Extremity of the Snout.

IT has ſeveral Rows of Teeth in the upper Jaw, but only one Row in the lower, and the Teeth in this are unequal: In the anterior Part of the Palate it has a bony Subſtance, covered with Teeth, and forming the two Sides of a Triangle; and it has alſo two roundiſh and two oblong Bones in the *Fauces*, beſet with Teeth in the ſame Manner. What an amazing Apparatus for tearing, grinding, and lacerating it's Food!

IT's *Linea lateralis*, Gentlemen, you may diſtinguiſh, is of a blackiſh Colour, and crooked; and there is a black Spot near the Root of each of the pectoral Fins.

THOSE Fins themſelves have twenty-one Rays in each, and the Middle one is longeſt and bifurcated; the ventral Fins are

are placed more anteriorly than the Pectoral ones: They have ſix Ribs in each, and the ſecond is the longeſt of theſe.

Of the three Fins on the Back, the firſt is triangular, and has twenty-one Rays in each; there are two *Pinnæ ani*, I beg Leave to put it in *Latin*, Gentlemen, to ſave a coarſe Word, which I have been oblig'd to uſe once already; and, finally, the *Vertebræ* are in Number forty and four.

The *Viſcera* I had preſerved, Gentlemen, in a Bottle of Rum, for your Inſpection; but unfortunately a debauched Sailor in the Voyage drank up all the Spirit, and afterwards threw away the Bottle to prevent Diſcovery. According to the Notes which I took upon the Spot, however, I find that the Liver was white, and divided into two Lobes: The Spleen was triangular, and ſituated under the Stomach; the Ovaries, for it was a Female, were oblong, and full of yellow Ova; the Air-bladder was oblong, ſimple, glutinous, and affixed to the Spine; the pneumatic Duct, by which the Air is carry'd to this Veſicle, had

had it's Inſertion in the upper Part of it, and it's Origination in the Œſophagus. The Heart was obtuſely quadrilateral, and the Stomach oblong, thick, reflex in it's lower Part, and coronated with a Number of Cæca about the Pylorus.

A PERFECT Silence had been obſerv'd, during the Reading this truly curious Paper: At the End of it, the Youth received the general Applauſe of the Body; he was immediately propoſed for a Member, and, what was much more to his Purpoſe, had the Honour of the particular Thanks of the Father of his Miſtreſs, and was invited to his Houſe.

THE Addreſs with which the young Author had concealed the *Engliſh* Name of his Fiſh, while he told the *Daniſh*, *German*, and *Swediſh*, as well as the learned ones, left his Audience no Suſpicion of it's being a Whiting; and their utter Unacquaintance with the Authors who treat on theſe Subjects, gave them no Idea that one *Petrus Artedus* had talked much to the ſame Purpoſe. They broke up, as thoroughly ſatisfy'd with this laſt Part

of

of their Entertainment as with any of the former; they gave Orders for the Paper to be printed, and begged the Proprietor of the curious Specimen to let their Engraver wait on him, to take a Drawing of it, that a Copper-plate Figure might be exhibited of ſo curious a Fiſh in their Works.



CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Converſation at Dr Single Doſe's *renewed. Character and Hiſtory of Mr* Storm.

THE Company began, after this, to file off by Degrees: But Dr *Single Doſe*, who was now out of Office for the Night, made up to as many of his late Company as were preſent, which was very nearly all of them; and with great Earneſtneſs kept them together to hear his Apology. The good Doctor was entering on a ſtudy'd Harangue, in which he would have treated largely of the *Xantippes* of the ſeveral Ages, of the Government of Huſbands, and of the Virtues of Patience and Reſignation, but he was cut ſhort in it by the *Anabaptiſt*, who aſſerted, that, whatever might be the Source of the Doctor's uſual domeſtic Broils, this late one had been an evident Judgment on them, for liſtening to the obſcene Diſcourſe of that Deluder of Virgins, Mr *Farthing*. 'Deluder of a Fiddleſtick's End,' replied the Antiquarian, 'I was not talking of 'the Things thou thinkeſt about. I 'muſt

'must inform thee, that there are a Species of Coins call'd *Traders*, a Kind 'of Half-pence, that were in Uſe an 'Age or two ago, and which every 'Tradeſman had Permiſſion to coin for 'himſelf, to be of uſe in Change, only 'marking them with his Name, and 'that of the Place he lived in, as a 'Promiſe to take them again as Money 'on Demand. I have with long Application, you are to know, collected '*Traders* of all the principal Places in '*Berkſhire*, but, till a Week ago, I 'never had one of the Town of *Maidenhead* in that County, when I purchas'd this, as I told you, at that 'time.' So ſaying, he produced, to the great Admiration and Improvement of all preſent, the Coin purchaſed of the Cinder Girl before-mentioned.

THE Preacher was abaſh'd; the Company enjoy'd the Jeſt in Silence, except Mr *Storm*, who, after very deliberately ſcratching his Head, and then drawing his Fingers thro' his lank Locks, in form of a four-tooth'd Comb, declared, He never knew a Perſon, whoſe Zeal did not, one time or other in his Life, make a Fool of him.

Mr

Mr *Storm* thought he had ſaid enough for one Evening, and, not being of a Diſpoſition to throw away any thing, he retired without Ceremony, to make himſelf a Reputation by his next good Speech, in ſome new Company.

THE Preacher looked a little fooliſh after the Defeat, but the Atheiſt immediately gave him his Revenge of the Victor, by relating to the Company the following Hiſtory of his Hate to the Clergy.

'MR *Storm*, you are to know, ſays he, is a Man of a moderate Fortune in the Country; he has inherited from Nature an excellent Conſtitution, and a very uncommon Share of Underſtanding; but ſome cruel *Phyllis*, in his younger Days, jilted him out of the Love of the whole Sex, and indeed of the whole World: He retir'd immediately on this from *London* to his Eſtate, where he devoted himſelf to Reading, and calculated his whole Income and his Expences in ſuch a Manner, as not to ſave a Farthing a Year, nor to run as much behind-hand.

HE

He had liv'd in this Manner half a Year, when the Parſon of the Pariſh made him a Viſit to aſk for his Tythes: He was ſtruck dumb with the unexpected Demand; he found it larger than he could have imagin'd, even after he had recollected that it muſt be a Due: He offer'd a Compromiſe with the Churchman, but it was refus'd: A Law-ſuit was commenc'd, and after various Hearings, it was given wholly in favour of the Rector.

Mr *Storm* could not but ſubmit to the Sentence, but he would by no Means acquieſce in it: He declar'd open War againſt the Parſon, and the whole Church that he belonged to; and ſet up, in mere Revenge, a new Religion of his own.

Every Tree in the Pariſh, on the next *Saturday*, had a written Invitation ſtuck upon it, to every Inhabitant to come to the *New Chapel*, commonly call'd the *Hall-houſe*, and hear a Sermon preach'd by Mr *Storm*. The Novelty carry'd two Thirds of the Pariſh to him, and the Clergyman felt the Preference

Preference given to his Antagoniſt very ſeverely. The Biſis of Invitation were ſtuck up again for the next *Sunday*, but whether it was that the Charm of Novelty was now wanting, whether the former Diſcourſe had not pleas'd them, or whether the Antagoniſt had uſed any unfair Method with his Pariſhioners, had thundered in their trembling Ears Damnation, or whatever might be the Cauſe, too ſure it is, that the New Preacher had not a ſingle Hearer.

THE Triumphs of the Prieſt, on this, were too great to be borne: The New Preacher determin'd on finding ſome Expedient to call back his Flock, which had deſerted him, and at length hit on the very lucky one, of adding to his next Bills, that whoever came to Mr *Storm*'s Chapel, for the future, were deſired to ſtay and dine there on Beef and Pudding. The Stratagem did not fail of Succeſs, whom not the Word of the Lord could get together; the Loaves and the Fiſhes ſummoned with irreſiſtible Power; the very third Share of the Company that had fallen to the the Church in the former Diviſion, now forſook it; every Man, Woman,

and

and Child, went regularly to Mr *Storm's* Chapel, and he had the Triumph to know, that his Antagoniſt was preaching all the while to the Pews and Benches.

THIS perfect Victory on Mr *Storm's* Side continued ſix Months, and wou'd undoubtedly have laſted till this time, had not the New Preacher now flatter'd himſelf, that he had thoroughly converted the Hearts and Souls of his Hearers to his Perſuaſion, and ventured to try whether he could not bring them together by the mere Force of his Doctrine, without the Allurement of a Dinner. He told them from the Pulpit his Reſolution of continuing to feed their Souls with his Admonitions; but that, as to bodily Food, they muſt get it as they uſed to do. On the next *Sunday* he mounted the Roſtrum as uſual, at the appointed Hour; but, alas! there had been a Week to conſider upon it, and the Conſequence of this was an univerſal Reſolution in favour of the old Religion; the Chapel was as empty as the Church had of late been, and the Parſon triumphed, in his Turn, over his thoroughly routed Antagoniſt. From

this time Matters have gone on there in their old Channel again; the Boards that made the Seats, now ſerve to contain the Squire's Hogs; the Treſſels on which they were laid, have found their Way under the Waſhing-tubs and Beer-barrels again; the Pulpit is reconverted into it's original State of a Writing-deſk; and the Hall ſerves, inſtead of Blaſphemy and Nonſenſe, to hear, after Dinner, every Day of the Villany of Parſons, and the Miſeries of a Nation that is Church-ridden.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

An odd Introduction of a very ſingular Character.

THE Contempt in which our Hero held the Father of his Miſtreſs, the whole Philoſophic Body under his Direction, and even Philoſophy itſelf, could be equall'd by nothing but the Adoration in which that Body held him. A Motive very different from Philoſophy had, however, carried him among them; that Motive ſubſiſted; and he did not find the Charms of the Daughter at all impair'd, by what he now ſaw of the Father. He determin'd to make the utmoſt of his preſent Succeſs before a Diſcovery (which indeed he had no Reaſon in the World to dread) ſhould rob him of his Merit; and had reſolved on viſiting in the Family the next Morning.

ON his Arrival at Home from this Meeting of the Philoſophic Body, he found on his Table the following *Laconic* Meſſage, written on a very curious *French* Card.

'MRS *Spadille* has a polite Rout To-night; if you'll come, you'll meet with ſomebody that will be very glad to ſee you. You are known, and will need no formal Introduction.'

IT was now but about Eight; Mrs *Spadille*'s was eaſily found, and our Hero, though he was in no great Humour for any new Engagement, rather than refuſe an abſolute Challenge, walked in. He found about twenty Ladies, and half as many Men there: They were juſt ſat down to Tea, and he took his Place among them. Every body was complaiſant to him, particularly as they ſaw him a Stranger; he joined in the Converſation on common Topics, and had at length got into a private Party of four, who were talking over the neweſt Scandal of the Town: He found himſelf in very agreeable Company, but he could not diſcern in any body's Face any peculiar Buſineſs with him.

HE was ruminating on the Meaning of this whimſical Adventure, when a very agreeable Voice was heard, diſplaying all it's Excellencies under the Advantage

vantage of one of *Palma*'s neweſt Songs, as the Lady to whom it belong'd was tripping up Stairs. The Door, in an Inſtant, was thrown open with a jaunty Violence, and the Lady who had been heard, was now ſeen tripping with a conſummately agreeable Negligence into the Room.

MRS *Spadille* was, at this time, making the Tea at ſuch a Diſtance from the Door, that nothing leſs than a Fling that almoſt took it from the Hinges, could have forced it to her: The Extremity of the Lock, however, at this Inſtant, juſt reach'd the Edge of the Table that was before her, and tipp'd it over. In an Inſtant a Scene of Confuſion aroſe, ſcarce to be deſcribed by Words; the whole Equipage was ſcatter'd over different Parts of the Floor; the Saucers ſplit; the Cups, as many of them as were whole, were ſeen rolling about; the Tea, half mingled with the Cream, form'd a party-colour'd Deluge in one Part of the Floor; along another ran the Water ſending up it's curling Clouds of Smoke; and between them a Stream of liquid Fire from the Lamp, ſpreading like one of the Rivers of the

infernal Regions, and ſending up a blue Flame all the way that it ran: In one Place you might ſee a Beau aiming a whiffling Puff at the Flame to extinguiſh it; in another, a Lady treading it out, and ſetting fire to the Fringe of her under Petticoat; and, in a third, an unlucky Fellow, who had been too near the Fall of the boiling Cataract, making Faces, and examining his ſcalded Shins: But infinitely the greateſt Sight of Horror was afforded by Mrs *Spadille* herſelf, who being dreſſed in a Chints Sack, had firſt received the flaming Ruins of the Lamp on her Lap, whence ſhe had not thrown it time enough to prevent it's ſetting her on fire; ſhe was now blazing to the very Shoulders, and a Gentleman who before ſat next our Hero, was employ'd in extinguiſhing the Fire, by covering it with his unbutton'd Waiſtcoat.

THE Lady who had occaſion'd all the Miſchief, walk'd very deliberately up to the vacant Seat at our Hero's Elbow, threw herſelf into it, and, lolling back with her Arms acroſs, entertained herſelf with whiſtling the *Black Joke*. Mr *Edwards* could not but exclaim to her,

'Good

'Good Heaven, Madam, how uncon-
'cern'd you ſit all this while!' 'Aye,' replies ſhe, raiſing her Elbows, half ſtretching herſelf, and gaping as ſhe ſpoke,

'*Like* Helen *in the Night, when* Troy
'*was* ſack'd,
'*Spectatreſs of the Miſchief ſhe had*
'*made.*'

Our Hero's Admiration was ſcarce at it's Height on this romantic Occaſion, when the Lady, with an utter Unconcern as to every thing about her, turn'd the fineſt Pair of Eyes in the World directly upon him, and ſaid with a Smile of affected Indifference, 'I fancy you 'was beginning to wonder, by this 'time, how you came here.' 'I am 'very glad,' replied he eagerly, 'to 'find any body that is able to inform 'me.' 'Huſh ——' ſays the Lady, with a Look of infinite Sagacity, 'I 'have done all that Miſchief, to give 'the People ſomething elſe to do than 'to obſerve us: I take you to be a gay, 'frolic, jovial Fellow, and I have a 'mind to be acquainted with you.' The Lady, having explained herſelf thus far,

was at Leiſure to make her Apologies to the Company. She walk'd up firſt to Mrs *Spadille*, begged her Pardon for the Miſchief ſhe had occaſion'd, and inſiſted on her Permiſſion to replace every thing ſhe had deſtroyed; then comprehending the Company in one circular Curt'ſy, ſhe begged Pardon of them all for the Confuſion her ſtrange Inadvertence had thrown them into, and returning to her Place, under Pretence of a particular Excuſe to Mr *Edwards* to whom her Back had been turned during the general Humiliation, ſhe bid him play two Rubbers at Whiſt, and then come Home and ſup with her.

OUR Hero was too heartily in Love with his new Flame, Miſs *Sedate*, to have eaſily fallen into a ſecond Affair of the ſame Kind; but there was ſomething ſo irreſiſtibly commanding in the Manner of this Lady, that he found it impoſſible not to obey, nay, not to obey with Rapture. Prudence alſo dictated one Conſideration to him on this Occaſion, which, tho' it may not plead very greatly in his Favour with the Ladies, certainly will be allowed it's Weight with the People of Reaſon of the

the other Sex, or even of that Sex, after a certain intereſted Age. He look'd upon his late Engagement as one that wou'd be attended with almoſt infinite Difficulties, and which, tho' he cou'd be ſucceſsful againſt them all, yet muſt neceſſarily take a great deal of Time to bring to a happy Concluſion; in the mean Time here was a *ready Indiana*, (take care, gentle Reader, that there is not more Juſtice in this Expreſſion than thou art at preſent aware of) who wou'd ſooth the Pangs of Delay and of his Impatience on the other's Part; and whom it would be eaſy for him, at any time, from ſome ſuch Attack upon another, as ſhe had now made upon himſelf, to take Occaſion to quarrel with, and be rid of, without any Blame on his own Part.

If People always knew the Rank in which they ſtood in one another's Thoughts, it wou'd prevent a vaſt deal of that Miſchief that happens from their being too well acquainted, and thinking too favourably of one another: Cou'd this Woman of Pleaſure and Experience have imagin'd it poſſible, that ſhe was intended to be the Tool, the Dupe, of a

raw, *West-Indian* Boy, the Wanton for his Leiſure, to toy and waſte an Hour of idle Time with, without poſſeſſing any the leaſt Share of his Heart, or even of his good Opinion, in what extreme Contempt would ſhe have held herſelf, him, and all the World? This was a Secret that dwelt, however, in his Breaſt alone, and indeed was not of quite that Duration there, that his fixed Sentiments on the Subject, at this time, ſeemed to preſage.

THE appointed Period arrived; the Games were over, and the Lady took her Leave with little Ceremony: The Lover was out of the Party, and waited on her to her Chair: She ſlipp'd a Pocket-book into his Hand, in the firſt Leaf of which was her Direction, and bidding him not follow her ſo immediately as to give Suſpicion, ſunk into her Chair, and bad the Slaves go Home. Mr *Edwards* returned to the Party, eager to know ſomething of his new Acquaintance; but the utmoſt he cou'd learn from the Terms *mad Creature*, *ſtrange Devil of a Woman*, and the like, that paſs'd among the Company, was, that there was nothing new in her Behaviour

that

that Evening, but that he ſhould find her juſt the ſame gay, galloping Miſtreſs to the End of the Chapter.

THAT ſhe was not a common Strumpet, was evident, from the Company he met her in: That ſhe was not under the Protection of any particular Perſon, was as evident, from her engaging him to ſup at her Lodgings; and yet that there could be any Difficulty in ſleeping there, ſeem'd as abſurd to imagine from her whole Deportment, and from the Nature of their Acquaintance. That they met in half an Hour is certain; and that their Meeting was not without it's Conſequences, is as ſure; but, eager as the Reader is to know what they were, he muſt have Patience to the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

A Viſit from Mr Edwards *to Miſs* Oddly, *from which the Reader will form ſome odd Preſages.*

TEN-THOUSAND ſtrange Conjectures did Mr *Edwards* frame in his Mind, as he went to the appointed Rendezvous; and as many Queſtions of the utmoſt Importance did he, from Moment to Moment, put to himſelf, without being able to anſwer any one of them: He was in the utmoſt uncertainty, whether ſhe had a Houſe or a Lodging; whether he ſhou'd be receiv'd in a Parlour or a Dining-room; and whether the Bed was Linnen or Damaſk; but to do him Juſtice, whether he ſhou'd be happy in it, or not, was not one of them: In ſhort, Reader, if thou haſt ever known the Delight of being danc'd along in a Chair to the Apartments of a fine Woman, who was almoſt a Stranger to thee, but with whom thou wert very well aſſur'd, thou wert in an Hour or two to be better acquainted; thou may'ſt have ſome Idea of what was Mr *Edwards*'s Situation, as he was carry'd down

down St *James's-ſtreet*, a croſs the *Park*, and up to the Back-door of a very handſome Houſe, the Front of which was in *Duke-ſtreet*. I have the Charity alſo to hope, that, if thou haſt felt all theſe Expectations upon as good an Occaſion, thou haſt ſucceeded, as well in the Event, as our Hero did.

MR *Edwards* was no ſooner out of his Chair, than he was receiv'd at the Bottom of a Terrace, by a Footman with a white Flambeau, who lighted him a croſs the Garden, and ſhew'd him the Way into a Hall, in which there ſtood four more Fellows in the ſame lac'd Uniforms, one of whom preceded him with a couple of Wax-candles up a painted Stair-caſe, and threw open the Door of a Dining-room, the Furniture of which was worth about a thouſand Pound.

OUR Lover's Ideas had indeed been gradually enough rais'd to the Pitch they were now at: But, notwithſtanding, the full Torrent of his Surpriſe was now too much for him to bear: He heſitated a Moment at the Door, and after muttering ſomething to himſelf, that ſounded like *Miſs* Sedate, *You may go to the Devil*,

Devil, if you pleaſe; he enter'd the Chamber of Joy.

I KNOW not how it is, that the Ideas of Magnificence are connected with thoſe of Love, but unqueſtionably they are ſo. The Woman, that we wou'd beſtow a Smile of Approbation on in a Luſtring Night-gown, we look up, with Reverence to, in Embroidery; and her, whom we held in the Rank of a pretty Girl, while in Quality of Miſs *Somebody*, we adore as a Divinity, as ſoon as we are inform'd that the Terms *right Honourable* are tack'd to her Name.

MR *Edwards*, from the Nature of his Aquaintance with this Lady, cou'd never have any Idea of Wife enter into his Heart; and his Circumſtances were too affluent, to hear the ſlighteſt Thought of his being profited by her Fortune; Yet, ſo it was, that every Idea he had form'd of her Charms, and of the Pleaſure he ſhou'd have in her Acquaintance, roſe in Proportion to thoſe he now entertain'd of her Condition; and tho' but half an before, the Turn of a Straw might have determin'd his accepting, or

not accepting, her Invitation, a thouſand Cart-horſes wou'd now ſcarce have been able to drag him away from her.

After ſo much ſaid of the Heart and Situation of the Hero of the preſent Scene, it may be Time to come to the Mention of the Heroine of it. Miſs *Oddly*, for ſuch was the Lady's Name, was the only Daughter of a Man of immenſe Fortune, who had dy'd while ſhe was an Infant; and ſhe was now juſt arriv'd at the Age, in which the Will of her Father, and the Laws of her Country, had thought her of Diſcretion enough to be truſted with the Management of that, and that of herſelf, without a Guardian. She was a tall, well proportion'd, and extreamly genteel Woman, but not handſome; her Features were tolerably regular, and her Complexion, tho' dark, not yellow; her Eyes were, indeed, the fineſt the World ever ſaw, and her Teeth far from bad ones; yet, ſome Way, there was an Unluckineſs in the putting her Face together, that prevented a Poſſibility of any body's thinking her a Beauty. There are many Faces allow'd to be very fine

ones

ones all together, which yet don't bear taking to pieces; on the contrary, Miſs *Oddly*'s was of a Kind, that never ſhow'd ſo much Merit as when examin'd by Parts; and conſequently ſhe was one of thoſe few Women, who appear much handſomer, on a nearer and repeated Examination. Whether it was owing to this Circumſtance in Nature, or to the Change of Mr *Edwards*'s Thoughts, from the Grandeur of the Scene, we ſhall not preſume to ſay; but thus much muſt be acknowledged, that he thought her vaſtly more like an Angel now, than he had done an Hour before.

SHE roſe from a Velvet Sopha, at the upper End of the Room, to receive him; ran to the very Door with vaſt Alacrity and Cheerfulneſs to meet him; ſeiz'd his Hand between both her's, with perfect Familiarity; and, ſqueezing it very tenderly, told him, ſhe was extreamly glad to ſee him: 'You think me a 'ſtrange wild Creature, I know, Mr '*Edwards*,' ſays ſhe, 'in all this, but 'you won't like me the leſs for it, 'when you have known me longer.' Our Hero was raiſing his Lips, to make the

the moſt feeling Return for ſo free and good-natur'd a Reception; but he ſtuck, as it were, half-way, on diſcovering, at this Inſtant, a gay genteel young Fellow, whom the Lady had left on the Corner of the Sopha ſhe had riſen from. The Lady ſaw his Confuſion, ſhe toſs'd up her Head with an engaging Indolence, and ſaid, with the moſt conſummate Indifference: 'O! don't put yourſelf under any 'Conſtraint, in regard to him; that 'Gentleman, you are to know, Sir, 'wou'd fain do me the great Honour 'of becoming my Huſband.' She then introduc'd them to one another in Form; begg'd them, for her Sake, to become acquainted, and, throwing herſelf into the Middle of the Sopha, pointed to the two Corners, as at their Service.

A VAST deal of unreſtrain'd Converſation, and, to do it more than Juſtice, of real genuine Wit, paſs'd in Conſequence of this, before, at, and after Supper. The Clock ſtruck Two and Three, unregarded; toward Four, the Gentlemen began to find out, that they had

had mutually resolv'd to fit out one another: The Lady, however, at the next Signal of the Clock, put a Period to the Contest, by telling them it was high Time they shou'd make an End of their Visit.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Mr Edwards *and his new Acquaintance come towards and Explanation.*

IF our Hero had been ſomewhat ſmitten with the Gaiety and Freedom of this Lady, and half in Love with her Perſon, at his firſt Interview, in which he had conceiv'd very different Ideas from his preſent ones, about her Circumſtances and Situation, he was now perfectly fix'd to her; and he gave way, in very Prudence, to his Fondneſs, as, he flatter'd himſelf, he ſaw it wou'd not be a great while, that he ſhou'd be doom'd to languiſh in Expectation.

THE Company of a third Perſon, and that a profeſs'd Rival, cou'd not have been very agreeable to him on any Conditions; but leaſt of all ſo, under the Circumſtances in which he fancy'd this Lady and he had met: He made no doubt of her being as ready, as himſelf, for every Extravagance of Love and Folly; and he determin'd on the next Afternoon, as the utmoſt Period of their mutual Expectation.

HE

HE viſited her ſo early after Dinner, that he knew ſhe cou'd have no other Company: She receiv'd him with all the Joy and Familiarity of the Night before, and He, who thought he read every good-natur'd Intention, that he cou'd wiſh in her Eyes, ventur'd, pretty early in the Afternoon, to grumble a little about the impertinent Staying of the laſt Night's Viſiter; and to intreat, ſhe wou'd prevent a Poſſibility of ſo vexatious an Accident a ſecond Time, by giving Orders to her Servants, to ſay, ſhe was not at home, whoever came.

THE Lady anſwer'd, with a Stare, accompany'd with a *Naivetté* of Aſpect, for there is no *Engliſh* Word, that can expreſs ſuch an innocent Ignorance of Face, which puzzl'd our Hero's Apprehenſion, to know what to make of it: After a Silence of ſome Moments, in which, indeed, it was the Lover's Buſineſs, if he had known his Buſineſs, to have ſpoken, ſhe ſaid with a Look of contemptuous Aſtoniſhment: 'Why, 'my dear, dear, little Lovy, what, in 'the Name of Wonder, can you and I 'have to talk of, that all the World may

'may not hear. Upon my Honour, I 'am not afraid of owning I like you; 'and I wou'd fain ſuppoſe, you need 'not be aſham'd of being in Love with 'me.' 'Two People,' concluded ſhe, 'in my Opinion, are the very worſt 'Party in the World; but come, ſit 'down like a good Boy, and we'll make 'the beſt we can of it, till ſomebody 'has Compaſſion enough to come in, 'and cure us of being tir'd of one 'another.'

Mr *Edwards* was thoroughly plagu'd and mortify'd at this Cavalier Speech: It was not his Buſineſs however to quarrel; and he ſubmitted to it: They paſs'd the Afternoon and the Evening, in great Gaiety, alone: Fortune was favourable enough to them, to have provided for this, by keeping every body from the Door; but the Lover, as Men never fail to put the beſt-natur'd Conſtruction poſſible on every Thing that regards the Woman they like, made no doubt, but this was by her Order, tho' ſhe had pretended not to deſign it, and had ſo happily counterfeited a Surpriſe, on his aſking her to do what ſhe had done already.

SUPPER came up, and our Hero perfectly ſatisfy'd, that he ſhou'd not be turn'd out of Doors that Night again, and ſufficiently determin'd not to go out on any other Terms, made a Merit of keeping the Diſtance the Lady oblig'd him to, and had ventur'd to ſay, in Excuſe for ſome good Behaviour, that he cou'd not help, that great Delicacies were to be fed on, not taſted; and that no Man in his Senſes wou'd wiſh to eat Ortalans off a Trencher.

ABOUT the Middle of Supper, when the Lover's Heart was in much that Sort of State, that a Bridegroom is, who has marry'd for Love, when he is pulling his Shoes off, a Rap at the Door proclaim'd the Approach of a Viſiter. 'Be 'deny'd, dear, dear Creature, be de-'ny'd,' exclaims our Hero with great Rapture; the Lady very coolly told him, it was impoſſible: That her Doors were always open to good Company, and that no other ever came to them; and, giving him a gentle Pat on the Hand, aſk'd him, in a Whiſper, how he cou'd be ſuch a Bear, to hint ſuch a Thing before the Servants?

WHATEVER

WHATEVER Diſtreſs the former Part of this Speech had involved him in, the latter made him ample amends for: He conſtru'd it into an abſolute Declaration of her being willing to do every Thing, but expoſe herſelf, and was reconciling his Thoughts to the Incident, vexatious as it was, by aſſuring himſelf, ſo late a Viſit cou'd be but a ſhort one; when the Perſon enter'd the Room, and prov'd to be no other than the honourable Lover who had, as Mr *Edwards* underſtood it, ſpoil'd all the Sport the Night before.

HIS Aſpect wou'd have ſpoken his Diſcontent, too plainly for the miſunderſtanding it, had not the Lady addreſs'd the Gentleman who had juſt enter'd, with all her natural Familiarity and Vivacity: 'You a Lover indeed, 'never preſume to tell me of it again; 'never to ſee me ſince this Time laſt 'Night. Why here's this polite Creature has been courting me theſe ſix 'Hours; upon my Life, I have not had 'a more agreeable *tete a tete* theſe ſeven 'Years. You and I are generally inſipid after the firſt Quarter of an 'Hour; you muſt learn of him, if you ever

'ever think to charm me; do, my dear '*Edwards*, in Pity to me, teach the 'horrid Creature to be tolerable.'

OUR Hero, whoſe Attention was all this while at the utmoſt Pitch, now ſaw the whole Affair in a new Light; he concluded, by the time of this Viſit, by his finding the ſame Perſon there at that Hour the Night before, tho' it was evident the Lady had not been herſelf at home half an Hour, and by the perfect Unconcern ſhe evidently gave herſelf, as to all her Words and Actions before him; that the Terms *Husband* and *Honourable* were mere *Cant*, us'd to diſguiſe a Connexion of another Kind; that the ſending him away the Night before was pure Grimace; and that, in ſhort, he was an humble Lover, ſupported by the Lady, for the Amuſement of her ſofter Hours.

MR *Edwards* had not Diſguiſe enough in his Nature, to cover either his Suſpicions or his Uneaſineſs from them; he grew dull, the Lady ſaw it; ſhe rallied her other Lover, for coming in ſo opportunely, to ſpoil the beſt Company in the World, and made this an Excuſe for

for diſſolving the Party earlier than ordinary, but not without telling Mr *Edwards*, that ſhe inſiſted upon ſeeing him the very firſt Moment that he was in a good Humour again.

The Lover retir'd to his Bed, little doubting but that his Rival ſlept in Miſs *Oddly*'s, and reſolutely determin'd, that he wou'd do ſo the Night afterwards. He viſited her, as he had done before, and was diſappointed, as he had been before; he repeated his Viſit, and his Diſappointment was repeated: He ſpent a Fortnight in this dangling Way, every Day expecting the Completion of his Expectations, and every Day perfectly ſatisfy'd, that Accident, curſed Accident alone, not any Want of Inclination on the Lady's Part, had prevented him.

In this Perſuaſion, if any body cou'd have read the Sentiments of his Heart about Miſs *Oddly*, they wou'd have declar'd her an infamous Strumpet; and whoever had ſeen her Reception of him, and of half a Dozen more People who viſited her, wou'd have declar'd her Miſtreſs of every one of them: Few young Fellows have the Abſence of Va-

nity in such a Degree, as to deny a Suspicion of this Kind, because it is false; most have Disingenuity and Villainy enough, for the last Word expresses it better, to boast the Conquest they find it impossible to make; and thus, in this great World of Scandal, a thousand Reputations are sacrific'd thro' Inadvertence and Vanity; for one that is lost, because there has been real Ill to occasion it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr Edwards *and Miss* Oddly *abſolutely underſtand one another.*

MR *Edwards*, convinc'd at length, that it was impoſſible for him to do any thing either at the Lady's Houſe, or at his own (for ſhe had viſited him with great Freedom, and had always laugh'd at his Attacks there, as much as in her own Apartments) determin'd on a new Plan: He attack'd her at the laſt Maſquerade at *Ranelagh*, with his uſual Freedom and Gaiety, but without any Thing of that Wild-fire, that too often, in their *tete a tete* Parties us'd to point out ſomewhat too plainly the Magazine of Miſchief it was leading to; He found her in a very Gay, and very good Humour, full of Eaſe, and wholly void of Suſpicion.

HE had Experience enough of the Sex to know, that the firſt Victory has all the Difficulty; that after this Coyneſs and Reſiſtance are at an End; and in Conſequence of this Conſideration, he came to a very prudent Reſolution of ſubmitting to *taſte*

an Ortolan on a Trencher, according to his own Phraſe, for the firſt Time, that he might eat it off of Plate or China as frequently as he pleaſed afterwards. He fix'd on one of the Tents in the Garden, for the Scene of his Raptures, and had nothing to give him a Moment's Uneaſineſs about the Proſecution of his Project, but his Inexperience in our public Diverſions, and an Alarm rais'd by the Sight of the Centinels, who were poſted at the Doors of theſe Places of Receſs.

He walk'd fifty Times round and round one of theſe, that was pitch'd in an obſcure Part of the Garden, and was extreamly fit for his Purpoſe, examining with great Attention, the Face of the Centinel: At length, determin'd to know the Worſt, rather than run any Riſque of a Diſappointment; he walk'd up to him, and telling him, he did not like the Appearance of arm'd Men in a Place of Diverſion, aſk'd him what he was ſet there for? The Fellow very readily anſwer'd, that he was poſted there to prevent *Indecencies*: The Word might have deterr'd a Man leſs bent upon the Execution of his Project, than Mr *Edwards* now was, from farther Enquiry;

quiry; but he went on to tell him 'Sir, 'there is a Lady in the Room, that I 'have Occaſion to ſpeak with in pri-'vate; if we ſhould come into this 'Tent, you wou'd not let any body elſe 'come in and interrupt us?' 'No to be 'ſure, Sir,' reply'd the Centinel, 'I 'hope I know my Duty better.'

Happy in this Certainty, the Lover re-enter'd the Room; he ſoon found his Miſtreſs; he complain'd of the Smell of the Proviſions in the Eating-rooms, and perſuading the Lady ſhe was hungry, tho' ſhe cou'd not eat under ſuch Diſadvantages, he order'd a couple of Chairs into this Tent, where there was already a Table, and ſending ſome Crayfiſh, a cold Chicken, and ſome Wine, he rather led her in, than aſk'd if ſhe wou'd go. Diſtruſt was not in the Nature of Miſs *Oddly*, and Fear was yet more a Stranger to it. She was not without Thoughts, that this was a very wrong Thing ſhe was doing, but ſhe wou'd not give them leave to plead againſt the Propoſal: it was a Whim, and as ſuch, it had irreſiſtible Attraction for her.

THE Lover, on his Part, had ſhut up the Eyes and Ears of the Centinel with a Guinea: The Object of his Deſires was alone, defenceleſs, and in his Power, and he wou'd not have given Six-pence to aſſure him of the Victory. He began with his uſual Addreſſes, he proceeded to ſome bolder Hints than he had ventur'd to give before, and, at length, he was uſing the Eloquence of Arms. The Lady did not ſee, at firſt, what a Situation ſhe had brought herſelf into, and, when ſhe did, ſhe was as far from ſeeing how ſhe ſhou'd get out of it. She very prudently conſider'd, that Reſiſtance cou'd never ſave her; what was there left for her then but Compliance? She hardly pretended to guard againſt his Efforts, till they grew too violent for Decency; but then ſhe drew back a ſtep or two, and, with perfect Compoſure and great Good-nature in her Countenance, told him: 'My 'very reſolute Lover, I don't know that 'I ever told you it ſhou'd come to this; 'but if I had, I do aſſure you, juſt now 'it is impoſſible.'

THERE is not a Man in the World, that would not rather have his Miſtreſs

with

with her Inclination, than againſt it: Our Youth underſtood the Refuſal, as the Lady intended he ſhou'd; and aſſur'd himſelf, that the Difficulties were now all over, and that he might enter the Town at Diſcretion: he gave up the preſent Evening at her Demand, and they finiſh'd their Supper with great Harmony. The Gaiety of Spirit, the Conſent of his Miſtreſs had given Mr *Edwards*, made him more brilliant, more agreeable, than uſual, during the Remainder of the Night, every body envy'd the Lady her Lover, as much as they did him his Miſtreſs; and, about Five, he handed her to her Chair, and to prevent Suſpicion of their future Meetings, at her earneſt Requeſt, return'd to the Company.

CHAP. VIII.

Two Love-Letters in a new Style.

THE utmoſt Stretch of our Lover's Genius was employ'd the next Morning, to inform the Lady in a Letter, how impoſſible it was to tell her, how happy ſhe had made him. He was ſurpris'd, that he receiv'd no Anſwer to it. He call'd on her in an Hour afterwards, and heard ſhe was out: He wrote to her to complain of his hard Fate, and had the hard Fate to receive no Anſwer; he viſited her, to reproach her with her Ingratitude, and did not find her at home; in ſhort he ſpent four Days in repeated Calls, Meſſages, and Letters, before he found out, that the Lady had reſolved never to ſee, hear, or think of him any more.

HE curs'd his Stars on the Diſcovery, and, a Minute and a Half afterwards, he bleſs'd them again: Miſs *Sedate*, who had never, in all this Period, once enter'd into his Thoughts, now appeared before his Imagination in all her Charms again; nay, we will not venture to aſ-

ſert,

ſert, that ſhe did not gain ſome additional ones, from the Diſdain of her Rival. The Lover congratulated himſelf on the diſintereſted Air, with which he cou'd now viſit her Father: He determin'd on doing it inſtantly, and order'd his Valet to prepare for dreſſing him to the beſt Advantage.

His Hair was powder'd, his Heart full of Joy at the Thought of his intended Viſit, and his Face dreſs'd in Smiles of Security, when, as he was getting into his Chariot, and had given the Word for *Queen-ſquare*, the Equipage of Miſs *Oddly* paſs'd by, and the Lady gave him a very polite flying Nod. Whether ſhe meant this in Contempt, or in very Civility, we ſhall not take upon us to determine; but certain it is, that the Lover return'd it by a Bow to the very Ground: The Colour left his Face, and the Thoughts he had before been ſo full of, his Heart: He drew back into the Houſe; order'd the Coachman to put up, and, in the Eagerneſs and Uncertainty of his Soul, determin'd to write to her. He knew by the Hour, and the Way ſhe went, whither ſhe was going; he cou'd not but think it worth

while to call her back, if in his Power: He knew Complaints and Intreaties wou'd only make him the Object of her Contempt, perhaps, of that of half her Acquaintance; he ſummon'd up all his Gallantry, and diſpatch'd the following Cavalier Letter after her:

MADAM,

'YOU look'd juſt now, as if you 'was willing I ſhou'd come and 'ſee you. Upon my Word, I ſhall be 'very happy, if you'll let me. If not, 'your own Pleaſure be obey'd; but, for 'old Acquaintance Sake, do me the little 'Favour of letting me know it.

I am, very ſincerely,

with a great deal of Eſteem,

Your obedient humble Servant.

G. EDWARDS.

IT was with a painful Impatience that Mr *Edwards* waited the Return of his Meſſenger, but it was not very long that he was kept in it. The Lady, who was always as much at home in other People's

People's Houſes, as her own, no ſooner read the Billet, then ſhe order'd Pen and Ink, and, making a polite Apology to the Company, in which the Words Money, Buſineſs, and Importance, had their peculiar Emphaſis, ſhe wrote the following Anſwer:

SIR,

'To do you Juſtice, I muſt own 'your Letter an Original. There is a 'happy Familiarity in it; and I think 'great Reaſon. You ſee I give it the 'Applauſe it deſerves; I ſuppoſe you 'meant no more from it. I wou'd not 'pay ſo ill a Compliment to your Diſcernment, to ſay you miſtook my 'Looks: I know you only banter me, 'for putting on an Appearance of Civility to a Man I ought to hate and deſpiſe. Such are your Merits, but your 'Sentence is milder: I ſhall only forget you. Remember, that we are 'Strangers, and you will do every 'Thing in your Power that can oblige'

E. ODDLY.

CHAP. IX.

Our Hero receives very unexpectedly a freſh Supply, before he wants it.

THERE is no Circumſtance of Life in which a Man ſo much feels the Advantage of having, as the vulgar Phraſe runs, *two Strings to his Bow*, as in a Love Affair. He, who, if he had but one Miſtreſs, would perhaps hang or drown himſelf in Conſequence of her Cruelty, while he has two, is always ſure to make this moſt terrible of all Misfortunes, as it is uſually ſuppos'd, turn infinitely to his Advantage: Inſtead of taking a Pair of Oars for *London-Bridge*, with his Pockets loaded as heavily as thoſe of the facetious Mr *Pipes* were by a Brother Novelmonger of the preſent Age, in Revenge to the Inſolence of a Chairman; inſtead of making the Nooſe in the fatal Garter, that very Garter the relentleſs Fair, in happier Days, had employ'd her delicate Fingers in knitting for him, he ſeeks the Manſions of the rival Beauty, throws himſelf at her Feet with a redoubled Ardor, his Languiſhings for the other

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs all turn into Tenderneſſes to this, and he owes his Succeſs, where it is worth having, to his Diſappointment, where it would have been a Misfortune to have ſucceeded.

SUCH is the general Courſe of ſlighted Love, where there is another Object in Readineſs: But, gentle Reader, remark that we are ſpeaking general Truths only in this Place; and, if thou ſhouldſt, in thy own great Sagacity, chance to apply them to the preſent Circumſtance of our Story, thou wilt do more than we meant to bid thee, and the Errors thou leadeſt thy ſelf into, be they all on thine own Head.

ALL that we mean to infer from this Digreſſion, is, that Mr *Edwards*, having another Miſtreſs in *Petto*, bore the Loſs of the former with ſomewhat more Heroiſm and Unconcern than he probably wou'd have done, had it fallen upon him at a Time, when he was more unprovided.

THERE needed but little Sagacity to diſcover, that he had thoroughly, perfectly, and for ever loſt his former Love;

The

The Reſolution was to ſecure the other as ſoon as he cou'd. We have already had Occaſion to obſerve, that, though Miſs *Oddley* had many Accompliſhments, Beauty was not of the Number: We are apt to believe that, if it had, it would have loſt much of it's Merit, at the preſent Period, with Mr *Edwards*: Nothing takes off ſo much from a Woman's perſonal Charms in the Eyes of her Lover as his being angry with her, unleſs it be her being angry herſelf. Miſs *Sedate*'s natural Advantages in this Reſpect, appear'd doubled on this Occaſion; the Lover wou'd not eaſily have been brought to ſuppoſe, at this time, that an Archangel was quite ſo handſome, quite ſo wiſe, or quite ſo full of Sweetneſs. He determin'd on viſiting her the next Day, and devoted a new Suit of Embroidery to aid him in his Attack, by making it's firſt Appearance before her.

To ſay, whether it were Mr *Edwards*'s good or evil Genius that conſtantly prevented him from putting in Execution his Deſigns upon this Lady, will require ſome far ther Period of Time, than can be compriſed within the Bounds of this Hiſtory,

tory, to determine; indeed, ſome Time that is not yet elapſed muſt runs it's Courſe firſt, for I determine againſt all Judgments of the Events of Marriages made during the firſt ſix Weeks; ſo it was, however, that, with all this Admiration in his Head, and all this Love in his Heart, he never ſaw her after the firſt Meeting.

If thou ſuppoſeſt this the Contrivance of the Author, O Reader! rather than of Fate, thou wilt be apt to ſay, he was reduc'd to a very ſhabby one, when thou heareſt that the Incident which put the final Period to all this determined Courtſhip, took it's Origin from no greater a Beginning, than his receiving this very Evening a Note from his Uncle *Jeremy*, to tell him that he had ſome particular Buſineſs, and wiſhed to ſee him the next Morning.

Mr *Edwards* was polite enough not to go to Bed before Three o'Clock, and conſequently not to riſe before Noon; It was One o'Clock before he arrived at his Uncle's Apartment, where he found the Buſineſs was, that the old Gentleman had heard from his Father, and was about

about to ſend him over his Accounts; he added, 'I cannot ſuppoſe, Nephew, 'that you are in Want of Money at 'this time; but, as I can't properly 'anſwer any Draught of yours after theſe 'Accounts are ſent over, till I have 'your Father's Anſwer about them, 'here is an odd Sum of thirteen hun-'dred Pounds more, which you may as 'well take at preſent, and I will add 'it with the uſual Conditions to the 'Bill.'

THE young Fellow's Heart leaped at the Name of the Money. He little imagin'd what were his Uncle's Motives in offering it: He accepted it with the warmeſt Returns of Gratitude, and promis'd to be as prudent as if he had not ſeen a Six-pence of it. The old Fellow, who had now lent all the Money he could raiſe on ſo good Security, and at ſo good Intereſt, knew he had made all the Market he was to expect of the Family. He ſent over his Accounts by the next Ship, and very eaſily reconcil'd himſelf to the Light he muſt appear in to the Father, from the Conſideration of the Advantage he had made of him. The unlimited

unlimited Bill of Credit he had given, the old Fellow knew, was ſufficient to bear him out in Law; and he was only unhappy, that he had not been able to command more ready Money, of which he might have made the ſame noble and honeſt Advantage.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Mr Edwards *falls in the Way of a new Adventure.*

WHILE Uncle *Jeremy*'s Thoughts were all Rapture on the Succeſs of his Schemes upon the diſtant Father, his Nephew's were not leſs elate with the Proſpect of his Amour, and with the Sum he had ſo unexpectedly become poſſeſs'd of. His Chariot was at the outer Gate of *Scotland-Yard*, and he was tripping to it with great Alacrity, to get Home and prepare for the enchanting Scene of the Afternoon, when he was ſtopped by the Execution of a moſt maſterly Hand, on a fine-ton'd Harpſichord, accompany'd by a Voice which was eaſily diſtinguiſh'd to be a Female one, and whoſe Sweetneſs made every other Sound diſagreeable.

OUR Hero had Taſte enough for Muſic to be ſtruck with this Performance, and Judgment enough to admire it; he turn'd his Eye toward the Place whence it came, and, through the Opening that a half-drawn up, blue

Silk

Silk Curtain gave into an elegant Parlour, he diſcover'd the Perſon to whom he owed his Entertainment.

It happen'd that Mrs *Conqueſt*, for the Lady was no other than that accompliſh'd Pair one, had turn'd her Head toward the Window, at the very Inſtant when his Eyes were directed to it. If thou haſt ſeen Mrs *Conqueſt*, gentle Reader, we need not tell thee what were the Senſations in a young Fellow's Heart, who had, before ſhe looked toward him, been in a very good Humour to admire her; if thou haſt that Pleaſure to come, it is worth purchaſing at the Expence of an Empire. The State of Mr *Edward*'s Heart, at this Moment, we can no more deſcribe, than himſelf could, if he had been then call'd upon to do it. The Lady bluſh'd on ſeeing ſhe was obſerv'd; and the Lover, for ſo from this Inſtant we are to call him, retir'd ſlowly to *Will*'s Coffee-houſe.

He was not lucky enough to find any body he knew there; but his Impatience was too great to let him think of Punctilio's. He ſat down at a Table where there were four young Sea-Officers,

cers, and aſk'd them, not without great Emotion, if they could poſſibly inform him who it was that liv'd over the Way? A Smile appear'd upon every one of their Faces in an Inſtant, and the ſhort Sentences, *Do you tell him; no, do you tell him*, were bandy'd about from one to another of them, around and acroſs the Table, with great Alacrity, attended by many ſpeaking Looks and Shrugs for ſeveral Minutes.

OUR Hero told them, he was very happy to find every one of them was able to give him the Information he had taken the Liberty to aſk; but he begged, in Conſideration of his own Impatience and Uneaſineſs, they would ſettle it at once, who ſhould do him the friendly Office. The Burſt of a ſhort Laugh from every Quarter accompany'd the Word *Impatience*, and, in Regard to the other Term, ſomething was whiſper'd about his not being kept in ſuch a State very long, that was very far from being diſpleaſing to him.

HE preſſed his Suit; but at length the eldeſt of the Company, as the Laugh declin'd among them, look'd grave,

grave, and ſaid, 'No, d——n it, 'tis 'Pity; don't ſay any thing about her.' He got up as he ſpoke; the others follow'd his Example; and our Hero, when he thought himſelf on the Brink of hearing a Hiſtory that he found himſelf greatly intereſted in, had the Mortification to ſee he was left alone, with nothing to comfort him, but what little Eaſe he had received from the peculiar Emphaſis with which one of the Company had pronounc'd after him the Word *uneaſy*.

CHAP. XI.

Mr Edwards *makes violent Love to the celebrated Mrs* Conqueſt.

MISS *Sedate* had long proved a good ſtanding Diſh with our Hero, that he thought he could have recourſe to on any Emergency; but it was her Fate ſtill to be ſet by for every new Kickſhaw. As ſhe had been before diſregarded for the Sake of Miſs *Oddly*, ſhe was now deſtin'd to the ſame Fate on account of Mrs *Conqueſt*. There was ſomething in the Face of that Lady, that our Hero found irreſiſtible. He threw himſelf into his Chariot, and drove Home to concert the Manner in which he ſhould make his Approaches.

THE whole World cannot ſhew an Inſtance of what dreadful Conſequences perfect Inadvertence and a too careleſs Gaiety of Spirit in a Woman may be attended with, than in Mrs *Conqueſt*; whoſe Virtue, though as free from Stain or Blemiſh as her Face, yet has not been able to preſerve her Character from being hacked and mangled, as we have juſt

ſeen,

ſeen, even in public, by a Number of butcherly Ruffians.

It was the Fortune of this amiable Creature to be marry'd early to an old Huſband. A public Employment, that Gentleman was veſted with, naturally and neceſſarily drew a Multitude of gay People about him: A young Woman, with leſs Beauty and fewer Accompliſhments than Mrs *Conqueſt* was poſſeſſed of, under the Circumſtance of being ſo marry'd, and ſo viſited, could not have fail'd of many Addreſſes. She received them all alike, diverted herſelf with bantering and laughing at them, much as we have juſt ſeen Miſs *Oddly* ſerve our Hero, and conſtantly entertained her Huſband with the Progreſs every one had made: It is as certain, that not one of the Friends of this Gentleman ever did him the Injury that almoſt every Friend is ready to do almoſt every Huſband whoſe Wife is handſome, as that every one of them deſired it. The natural Conſequence of a Repulſe of this Kind, given to a Raſcal, is his boaſting that he has ſucceeded; there were not wanting ſome People of this Stamp among the Number of Mrs *Conqueſt*'s

queſt's Admirers, and, as her unreſtrain'd Behaviour to every one of them had given too much Appearance for Suſpicion, there was not one of them who told a Falſity of this Kind, but was believ'd. The Men very readily gave into this, as it flatter'd their own Expectations, in regard to her; and the Women were glad to propagate it, as it took from the Character of one, whoſe Perſon and Qualifications render'd her the Rival of the whole Sex.

WE are all naturally the laſt People in the World, who hear any ill of ourſelves; and, when we do hear it with a Conſciouſneſs of not having deſerv'd it, we are apt to treat it with a Contempt that is very well reconcileable to Juſtice, tho' by no Means to Prudence. Mrs *Conqueſt* had no Idea, that the World in general had taken up ſo unjuſt an Opinion of her, and had always treated what Hints ſhe had receiv'd of it, whether from Friends or Enemies, with an inſolent Diſregard, which, though it very well ſquared with her own juſt Sentiments on the Subject, yet, under the unhappy Miſtake the World was in, it gave thoſe, who thought unfairly of her,

an Idea of a Character that was not above Suſpicion, but harden'd againſt Accuſation.

Such was the Situation of Mrs *Conqueſt*, after the Death of her Huſband, when the Hero of our Story added one to the Number of her Admirers. He was thoroughly in Love with what he had ſeen of her, and little imagin'd, that the Face he had been ſo charm'd with at a Diſtance, wou'd appear infinitely handſomer on a nearer Examination, much leſs that with all it's Merit ſet in the beſt Light, it was the laſt Thing that a Man of Diſcernment wou'd find out to admire in her who poſſeſſed it. The ill Succeſs of his dangling Scheme with Miſs *Oddly* determin'd him on the bringing Matters to a more ſpeedy Iſſue in this Adventure: The Character he had conceiv'd of the Lady, from what he learn'd at *Will*'s, gave him all the Encouragement he cou'd deſire to proceed upon a bold Plan; and he determin'd that very Night, as the Period of his Siege. He order'd the embroider'd Suit, that was to have introduc'd him to the good Graces of Miſs *Sedate*, to be brought out; gave Directions to his Va-

let, to be more than ordinary careful in dreſſing his Hair; and, before he ſat down to the Operation, he diſpatch'd the following Card to the Lady:

MADAM,

'AN Accident ſhew'd me this Morning that, till then, I had not ſeen the 'fineſt Woman in the World: You 'won't blame, or wonder at my being 'deſirous of repeating that Pleaſure. 'I beg you will do me the Honour of 'ſuffering me to wait on you this After-'noon, which I ſhall eternally remem-'ber, as an infinite Obligation laid on,

Madam,

Your very obedient

and devoted Servant,

G. EDWARDS.

THE Anſwer brought back was verbal, and was, that the Lady did not recollect that ſhe knew any body of the Name of *Edwards*; but, that whoever the Perſon was, ſhe deſir'd to ſee him.

It is very poſſible the Lover might not underſtand by this Meſſage, exactly what the Lady meant, who ſent it: It appear'd to him in no other Light, than that ſhe was willing to receive the Addreſſes of a Stranger, be he who he wou'd: Whether Mrs *Conqueſt* had intended exactly that by it, the Reader may poſſibly diſcover in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XII.

In which Mr Edwards *and Mrs* Conqueſt *part much better Friends than they met.*

THE Hour of viſiting arriv'd; the Beau was equip'd for Victory; the Coachman drove up to the Door with a peculiar Flouriſh; the Footman made the whole Yard re-eccho with the Larum he ſounded at it; and the Hero was receiv'd by a Servant out of Livery, at the Door, and conducted to the Parlour.

THE Lady was reading, or pretending to read, when he enter'd; ſhe drew herſelf up to two Inches more than her ordinary Height, as ſhe receiv'd him; and, without laying down her Book, told him, it was impoſſible for her to gueſs how ſhe came to be honour'd with that Viſit. Short and ſimple as the Purport of this Sentence was, there was ſomething in the Lady's Manner, as ſhe deliver'd it, that perfectly convinc'd our Adventurer, he had made a very unhappy Blunder, and been guilty of an unpardonable Crime in Conſequence of it.

There

There was ſomething of a Dignity without Affectation, a commanding Superiority without the leaſt Tincture of Inſolence in the Lady's Deportment, that ſtruck and confounded him too much, to give him leave even to reply.

He was ſtanding in a perplex'd Silence, and making as fooliſh a Figure as ever a fine Gentleman did under a Diſappointment; when the Lady, pointing to a Chair, told him, 'I don't know, 'Sir, that the Want of a proper Reſpect 'in you can juſtify me in an Omiſ-'ſion of the ſame Kind; I beg you will 'ſit down! and, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'not that I can reſent a Thing of this 'Kind, from a Perſon who is an entire 'Stranger to me; but, for my own 'Satisfaction, I beg you to inform 'me, what can have led you to ſo 'ſtrange a Step as this.'

The great Compoſure, with which Mrs *Conqueſt* ſpoke this, had ſome Effect upon the ruffled Thoughts of our Hero; he began to come to himſelf a little, and, after a ſhort Pauſe, told her, 'That he ſhou'd not attempt to make 'any Apology, becauſe there was no

'Submiſſion that cou'd be adequate to 'the Offence: But that he thought it 'Juſtice to herſelf, as well as to the 'Perſons who led him into his Error, 'to acknowledge, that the Fault was 'entirely his own: That the Origin of 'it was mere unlucky Accident: That he 'had enquir'd after her, on his acci-'dentally ſeeing her in the Morning; 'and that, having been but ill qualify'd 'to deſcribe her on ſo ſlight a View, 'he had done her ſo little Juſtice in the 'Attempt that the Gentlemen, he had 'apply'd to for Information, had indiſ-'putably underſtood him of ſome other 'Woman; and had given him an Ac-'count of that Perſon, which had autho-'riz'd his writing the Note, which by 'great Miſtake he had ſent to her.'

THE Lady, with the ſame Compoſure of Countenance (for ſhe, is of all Women in the World, moſt Miſtreſs of herſelf) aſk'd him, as a farther Act of Friendſhip, to tell her, of whom he had that Information. Mr *Edwards* thought the leaſt Reparation he cou'd attempt making the Lady, for ſuch an Injury as he had done her, was telling her the Truth: He confeſs'd, that he receiv'd

it

it from ſome Strangers, of whom he had made his Enquiry at the Coffee-houſe juſt by.

Mrs *Conqueſt* cou'd not refrain from telling him with a Bluſh, that it was not well done to enquire after a Woman of any Degree of Reputation, in ſo unguarded a Manner: But recovering herſelf from this little Confuſion, ſhe proceeded to aſk him, with the ſame Coolneſs, with which ſhe had propoſed the preceding Queſtions, whether the Perſons, from whom he had receiv'd his Information, appear'd to be of the Navy? Mr *Edwards* anſwer'd, that he believ'd they were.

All the Reſolution of Mrs *Conqueſt* could not ſupport her againſt the Shock ſhe felt at this Reply: The Woman overcame the Heroine in her Diſpoſition; and honeſt Tears proclaim'd her Innocence, more than all the Aſſeverations in the World cou'd have done. She ſuppreſs'd 'em after a few Moments, and recovering her Calmneſs again, deliver'd her Senſe of the Incident, in the following Words: 'I am convinc'd, Sir, of 'a Thing I have often had Reaſon to

'ſuſpect, but wou'd never permit my-
'ſelf to believe before. There was a
'confus'd Perplexity in your firſt Apo-
'logy, that ſhew'd me, you did not
'perfectly believe yourſelf in what you
'told me: You have made no Miſtake:
'I am not aſham'd to tell you, I am
'the Perſon theſe People meant, by
'their Account to you; for Shame is
'is the proper Attendant on Guilt, not
'on the Accuſation of it. I ſhall con-
'vince you, Sir, that the Character you
'are pleaſed to entertain of me, does
'not belong to me; but, in Juſtice to
'myſelf, I ought alſo to tell you, that
'I have been unhappy enough to be the
'Object of very unwarrantable Purſuits
'in many of the People of that Rank,
'and am afraid, my not having liſten'd
'to any of them has laid me under an
'Aſperſion, that nothing, but my having
'acted a contrary Part, could have
'juſtify'd.'

MR *Edwards* aroſe ſlowly and trem-
bling from his Chair, and walking up to
the Lady, with the utmoſt Modeſty and
Reſerve in his Deportment, took hold of
her Hand: 'I don't know how to ex-
'preſs, Madam,' ſays he, 'the Aſto-
'niſhment

'niſhment and Confuſion you have fill'd
'me with: I never can forgive myſelf
'the Inſult I have offer'd you, nor
'think of any Reparation, but the con-
'vincing the Perſons who mis-inform'd
'me in this ſhameful Manner that they
'did ſo. But this is trifling. You ſee
'before you, Madam, an honeſt, inno-
'cent, undeſigning Fellow, with a For-
'tune equal to almoſt any Woman's
'Expectations: Give me leave to con-
'vince you, how perfectly ſatisfy'd I
'am of my firſt Miſtake, by offering
'myſelf and that Fortune to you, up-
'on your own Conditions. I am ſen-
'ſible, I can't be worthy of you: I am
'ſenſible, nothing can be worthy of you:
'But I am more ſenſible, that I have
'ſeen too much, to be able to ſupport
'the Loſs of you.'

The Lady, who had not, during this whole Speech, recover'd herſelf from the Confuſion her own Declaration had involved her in, as ſoon as ſhe had re-collected herſelf, reply'd, 'I am not
'to deny to you, that I have heard
'much of this romantic Way of Talk
'before; I have no Reaſon to imagine
'you ſerious; nor, if I did, is there any

'thing I cou'd Anſwer to it. We are 'Strangers, and I beg we may continue 'ſo. I cannot but acknowledge, your 'Viſit has been the Cauſe of more un-'eaſineſs to me, than I have ever felt 'before, or ſhall be ever capable of feel-'ing again; but you have been the in-'nocent Cauſe of it, and I forgive you 'freely. I think the Buſineſs of this 'ſtrange Viſit is at an End; and I beg 'you will not think it intentional Rude-'neſs, that I requeſt you to put an End 'to it; for, upon my Word, I am ill, 'and muſt be excuſed from having Com-'pany any longer.

MR *Edwards*, who was perfectly in earneſt in his laſt Declaration, was in no Humour to part upon theſe Conditions: He preſs'd his having leave to wait on her again, very importunately, but was refus'd: The Lady at length was redu'd to ſay, 'Indeed, you oblige me 'to tell you, this is not uſing me well: 'I cannot, will not ſtay any longer with 'you, nor is there any Appearance of 'Reaſon, why I ſhould think of ſeeing 'you again.' Even this, home as it was, cou'd not ſend off our Lover on ſo bad Terms; he continued with infinite

Submiſſions

Submiſſions and Apologies, to entreat ſhe wou'd permit him to ſee her, if it were but once more; and in fine, extorted from her a Promiſe, that, on Condition, ſome Perſon, whom ſhe ought to believe, would tell her, he was a proper Perſon for a Woman of Character to be viſited by, ſhe wou'd conſent to his coming ſome other Afternoon.

CHAP. XIII.

The Friend of our Hero is engaged in a very important Negotiation.

MRS *Conqueſt* cou'd not well ſuppoſe, that the Conditions ſhe had exacted, cou'd be very hard ones, upon a Perſon of her new Lover's Appearance and Deportment: But ſo it was, that, if ſhe had commanded him to bring Certificates from another World of his Qualifications, the Difficulty cou'd not have appeared to him at firſt Sight much greater.

MR *Edwards* was, indeed, in a Situation that many a Man of Figure in this Town is in, tho' he very little ſuſpects it of himſelf; he was known to no Creature that was worth knowing. It was hardly more than a Month that he had been in *Europe*: In that Time, he had made but very few Acquaintances, and thoſe were not only among People, who in reality knew nothing of him, but whom he had very good Reaſon to be aſhamed of.

It ſometimes came into his Head to ſend his Uncle, who cou'd aſſure the Lady of the true State of his Affairs; but his Figure and Appearance, he dreaded, wou'd have very bad Effect on ſuch a Commiſſion: While he was in the Midſt of this Perplexity, revolving every thing but what was of moſt Importance in his Mind, Mr *Spenſe*, who had a Right to much more of his Attention, than the Hurry of his late Purſuits had given him an Opportunity of paying him, came in on a Viſit.

The Youth no ſooner ſaw him, than he flew into his Arms: 'Deareſt, 'deareſt Friend,' ſays he, 'I con-'demn myſelf of Ingratitude and Baſe-'neſs, while I tell you, that you have 'never enter'd into my Thoughts, tho' 'you are the only Man in the World, 'who can do me a Service, that 'my whole Life, ſpent in Gratitude and 'Acknowledgements, can never repay 'you.' He proceeded to tell him the Nature of his Situation, and the Neceſſity of ſome Man of Worth and Honour appearing to his Character.

His

HIS Friend very readily undertook the Office, but told him, there was a Difficulty he did not ſeem to ſee in the Way, which was, that he was as utterly unknown as himſelf to the Lady, and indeed to the World, and Conſequently his Teſtimoney cou'd be of very little Weight in his Favour. 'Go, my 'dear Friend,' reply'd the Youth, 'go, and be charm'd as much as I 'am: You'll find a Woman, who 'does not take up her Rules of judging, 'from the Cuſtoms or Opinions of the 'World. She has Judgment enough 'to diſtinguiſh Merit and Honour, 'wherever it is plac'd, and will not be 'a Moment at a loſs, to know what 'Dependance ſhe is to place on your 'Teſtimony: Go, and may ſucceſs 'attend you! For to me, there is but 'one Road to Happineſs in the World, 'and ſhe alone can guide to it.'

THE next Morning was fix'd on for the Viſit of the Friend, and the neceſſary Preparations were made for it, by a Card from that Gentleman, to inform her, that Mr *Spenſe*, wou'd do himſelf the Honour of waiting on her, to inform

form her of the Family, and Affairs of the Gentleman whom ſhe had ſeen the Day before. The Prudence and Caution of Mr *Spenſe* wou'd have objected to the Terms, Family and Affairs, as hinting at ſomething too particular in the Nature of his Embaſſy; but Mr *Edwards* was much in earneſt, he knew this wou'd be puting the whole Affair in a very forward Situation: He knew that this was the very Buſineſs upon which he had at length obsained her Permiſſion to ſend a Friend to her, he was heartily determin'd not to loſe ſo much Ground; and he depended on her good Underſtanding, for her not excepting againſt a Freedom, which, however far he carry'd it, ſhe would remember ſhe had given him a Right to.

NOTWITHSTANDING theſe Reaſons, which were all very good Ones, for the adding theſe two Words to the Note, our Hero's noble Courage was hardly enough to ſupport him during the Interval of the ſending, and receiving an Anſwer to it: The Moment the Meſſenger produc'd the Card, he tore it open; and had no ſooner read in it, that the Lady would be glad to ſee Mr *Spenſe* at

One,

One, than he concluded he had ſucceeded to his utmoſt Expectations, and congratulated himſelf very heartily on ſo amazing, ſo unexpected, a Happineſs, as he now aſſur'd himſelf he was upon the Point of poſſeſſing.

MR *Spenſe*, who knew the precipitate Temper of his young Friend, tho' he had determin'd, however, much againſt his Inclinations, to execute his Commiſſion with the utmoſt Punctuality, yet thought it proper, before he gave the Character of his Friend, to enquire into that of the Perſon to whom he was to give it. He ſucceeded in this, no better than the Lover himſelf had done: But he determin'd not to ſhock his Ears with a Repetition of what he had been told, till he had found by the Behaviour of the Lady herſelf, how much Truth there was in it. He was punctual to the Appointment, and, if the Reader's Curioſity ſhould prompt him to enquire what paſs'd at this Interview, he will find it recorded in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

A Meeting between two very accompliſh'd People.

THOUGH Mr. *Spenſe* had gone to Mrs *Conqueſt* with no better an Opinion of her, than the Lover had carry'd with him on his Viſit, he was almoſt as immediately convinc'd of the Wrong he had done her in harbouring it, as his Friend had been: He did not think it was his Buſineſs to give the leaſt Hint of Suſpicions, which he aſſur'd himſelf, from her Manner and Deportment, were abſolutely groundleſs, but was impatient to enter on the Buſineſs of his Ambaſſy. The Lady interrupted him with an Apology for her own Conduct, in ſeeing him on ſuch an Errand, and continued to tell him, 'The Gentleman, Sir, in whoſe Favour 'you come, is an entire Stranger to me: 'I have ſeen him only once, and the 'Circumſtances under which we then 'met were ſuch, as might have pre-'judiced me much more againſt him, 'than my receiving this Viſit from you 'will make it appear that I am: I would 'not

'not condemn a Perſon for being miſled 'into a Fault, as I would one who was 'intentionally guilty of it; but, tho' I 'have forgot the Offence, I am to do 'myſelf the Juſtice of aſſuring you, 'this Meeting with you has been the 'Effect of his too earneſtly requeſting 'it, not of any Inclination I can have 'to talk farther upon ſo romantic a 'Subject, as you do me the Honour to 'engage yourſelf about.'

'If it were poſſible, Madam,' reply'd Mr *Spenſe*, 'for you to know the 'Circumſtances under which I plead for 'this Gentleman's having Permiſſion to 'wait upon you, you would pay a more 'than uſual Attention to it. I ac-'knowledge to you, Madam,' continued he, 'that I ſcarce know any thing 'that cou'd make me ſo unhappy, as his 'ſucceeding in his Addreſſes to you: 'But he knows nothing of this, he con-'fides in me as an honeſt Man, and em-'ploys me as a Friend: My own par-'tial Views ſhall give Place to his Hap-'pineſs, and I will act up to the Confi-'dence he has repos'd in me, by aſ-'ſuring you, that he is a Youth of un-'common Qualifications of Mind, free

'from

'from every Taint of Vice, and has a 'Heart full of every Virtue: His For-'tune is ſuch as few Women cou'd ex-'cept againſt, and I am very ſenſible, 'Madam,' concluded he, 'of your 'Deſerts when I ſpeak it, but I muſt 'add, that I think him every way wor-'thy even of you, and believe, from 'my Soul, that he will be the Author 'of as much Happineſs to you, as you 'to him.'

Mrs *Conqueſt* was charm'd with the diſintereſted, plain Sincerity of the Perſon who ſpoke to her:

There is a noble Freedom
Dwells with the Great, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
That claims the Privilege of being believ'd.

She did not queſtion the Sincerity of the leaſt Accent he had utter'd, and began to think of the young Fellow in a much more favourable Light than ſhe had hitherto done: There was ſomething, however, in the Beginning of Mr *Spenſe*'s Declaration, in favour of his Friend that touch'd her, ſhe knew not why, very nearly: 'You tell me,

'Sir,

'Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'that yourſelf are nearly 'intereſted in the Event of what you 'have undertaken to plead for, and, if I 'underſtand you right, you are to be 'unhappy, if your Friend ſucceeds. I 'cannot but eſteem a Perſon, who could 'plead ſo warmly as you have done for 'a Cauſe, that he could only be made 'happy by loſing; and there appears 'no Reaſon to me, why I ſhould ſacri-'fice the Peace of a Perſon I eſteem, to 'the Requeſt of one, concerning whom 'my Heart or my Thoughts are not at 'all intereſted. You muſt pardon me, 'Sir, if I make it a Condition of my 'ſeeing this Gentleman again, that I 'hear firſt from you, with all that Sin-'cerity with which you have hitherto 'ſpoken, what it is that ſo immediately 'concerns you in the Succeſs of this 'Attempt.'

THE Viſiter pleaded very earneſtly the Impoſſibility of his explaining himſelf to her on that Head: 'He told her, 'it would not be honeſt; that it 'were betraying his Truſt in the baſeſt 'Manner, even for intereſted Views, 'and being the Enemy of the Man who 'claim'd and merited his Friendſhip,

'and

'and to whom he had engag'd himſelf 'as a Friend. He begged her to par-'don and excuſe him, and not to re-'member, that in his Warmth for the 'Cauſe, in his Eagerneſs to be believed, 'he had dropp'd thro' Inadvertance a 'Word that ſeem'd to make againſt it.

MRS. *Conqueſt* replied, 'Still, Sir, I 'ſee you are the ſame worthy and diſin-'tereſted Man. I applaud, and ſhall 'always eſteem, you for it: But you 'will pardon me, that I find myſelf 'now concerned in the Circumſtance; 'and that I tell you, as I at preſent can 'have no Pain in refuſing to recieve your 'Friend's Viſits, I will not give you 'any by receiving them, nor engage 'my Thoughts any farther, on a Sub-'ject in which I ſee Perplexities and 'Intricacies that will but ill bear un-'ravelling.'

THE Lady perſiſted in her Reſolution, and the utmoſt that the Viſiter could prevail with her to grant, was, that himſelf, not his Friend, ſhould ſee her again in the Afternoon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A Lady is introduced to Mrs Conqueſt's *Acquaintance.*

WHEN the Reader ſhall have gone thro' this ſhort Chapter, he will find that it is hardly poſſible to conceive a more nice or difficult Part than Mr *Spenſe* had to act on this Occaſion. He returned to his Friend, and reſolutely refuſed to give him any farther Account of the Succeſs of his Viſit, than that he was to repeat it in four or five Hours: The viſible Anxiety and Uneaſineſs in the Face of this Gentleman, during the Period of his ſhort Stay, for he could by no means be prevailed with to remain longer, than juſt to give this Account of his Expedition, gave our Hero but a very bad Preſage of his Succeſs; he took his Leave of him at the Door, full of new Thoughts of Miſs *Sedate*, and cou'd not refrain from telling him, he believed it was hardly worth his while to go to the other again.

THE

THE Hour of viſiting approached; Mrs *Conqueſt* was as impatient for an Explanation, as the Reader may poſſibly be by this time; a Rap at the Door proclaimed the Arrival of Company; and a Minute after appear'd Mr. *Spenſe*, and in his Hand a beautiful young Creature, whoſe unaffected Modeſty ſtruck the Lady, at firſt Sight, in a very favourable Manner.

THE Servants were no ſooner diſmiſs'd, than Mr *Spenſe* began: 'You 'inſiſted, Madam, on my explaining 'an unlucky Slip of my Tongue this 'Morning. You will ſay I am a Vil-'lain, when I have comply'd; but I can 'ſooner bear that Sentence, than totally 'ruin my Friend's Cauſe, by refuſing to 'do it. I am to begin, by telling you 'I am myſelf all a Cheat; but 'tis from 'honeſt, honourable Motives. My 'Name is not *Spenſe*, but *Wentworth*; 'this Lady is my Niece: He who is 'now your Lover, perhaps once was 'her's. Imagine not that either ſhe or I 'have any thing to accuſe him of: We 'only can gueſs that he honour'd her 'with his Eſteem, the Match wou'd

'have

‘ have been unequal, and he obey'd his
‘ Father, in leaving her and his native
‘ Country to make this Voyage to *Eng-*
‘ *land*. That no Thoughts of his un-
‘ lucky Paſſion for her might give him,
‘ Diſquiet, or prevent his purſuing
‘ every Step his Father had plan'd out
‘ for him, I, at her Requeſt, inform'd
‘ him ſhe was dead. I love and honour
‘ him for his whole Behaviour in this
‘ difficult Scene, and have attended
‘ him to *England* unknown even to
‘ himſelf, as any way concern'd in this
‘ Lady's Cauſe, only determin'd to do
‘ every thing to ſerve him. I had not
‘ been here ten Days, before another
‘ Ship arriv'd, in which the unhappy
‘ Girl was a Paſſenger: She has been
‘ with me ever ſince; but ſhe has never
‘ even wiſh'd to ſee him, as it wou'd
‘ have laid an Imputation on me of
‘ having poorly contriv'd a Scene for
‘ his Deſtruction. I think ſhe wou'd
‘ rather ſee him more happy with ano-
‘ ther, than leſs ſo with herſelf: I have
‘ brought her to aſſure you, Madam,
‘ that ſhe has no Right, no Pretenſions,
‘ to a Thought of him; and, when you
‘ have been inform'd of that, to tell
‘ you that the Miſery it muſt be to me

'to ſee ſo worthy a Creature unhappy, 'was the Motive I felt for wiſhing this 'deſerving, this amiable, young Man 'might not ſucceed in his Addreſſes to 'you, even while I was urging every 'Circumſtance poſſible in his Favour.'

Miſs *Wentworth* was ſilent during this whole Relation, but Tears, more eloquent than Words, pleaded her Cauſe ſo powerfully in the Breaſt of Mrs *Conqueſt*, that when at length ſhe ſummon'd Strength enough to ſay, 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, I am neither deſerving of him, 'nor have any Right to the leaſt favou-'rable Thought from him:' That Lady anſwered, 'That I will never rob you of 'him, is moſt certain. I can have no 'Partiality for a Man I have barely 'ſeen; and if I had, I ſhould be baſe 'not to ſacrifice it to ſo infinitely bet-'ter founded and more rational a 'Claim. I almoſt envy him the Hap-'pineſs he muſt have in calling you his 'Wife, and, that Gentleman his Rela-'tion; but I beg of you both, that I may 'have ſome Share in the bringing it 'about.' Mr *Wentworth*, continued ſhe, 'ſend inſtantly to tell your Friend 'I ſhall be glad to ſee him, and leave

'this Lady with me to receive him: 'Be not under any Apprehenſions that 'I can change my Reſolution. I ſhould 'even deſpiſe him for not giving me 'up to ſuch a Paſſion, if he could be 'Wretch enough to heſitate about it.'

THE Lady was peremptory in her Commands; the Niece more than conſented to the Propoſal, and the Uncle went himſelf to ſend the Lover. A thouſand Times in his Way thither he had a Mind to diſcloſe the whole to him, but this would have been betraying the Confidence Mrs *Conqueſt* had repoſed in him; not to mention another Conſideration, that, in ſpite of all his hardy Virtue, would have it's Weight with him: He at length reſolved to deliver his Meſſage punctually, and without Addition; and the Lover, who little expected ſo favourable a one, much leſs imagin'd the real Purport of it, ſet off for *Scotland-yard* on the Inſtant, in very viſible Raptures.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Our Hero's Fate determin'd in a Manner very unexpected to himself.

MRS *Conqueſt* had placed both Miſs *Wentworth* and herſelf full in the Lover's View, as he came into the Room: He ſtarted a Moment as he enter'd the Door, but he made only one Step from it to the Place where his firſt Love ſat: He ſunk tenderly upon her Neck, and was imprinting a thouſand Kiſſes, and ſaying ten thouſand tender Things to her, without perceiving that ſhe was a motionleſs Statue in his Arms. Mrs *Conqueſt*, who had ſuppoſed ſuch an Event natural enough to be expected, was better prepared for it; and while the Lover was raving out, 'Was it only my fond Imagination that 'thou wert reſtor'd to Life; art thou 'dead, as I have all this time thought 'thee?' Her Servants made ſo good uſe of cold Water, the Harts-horn Bottle, and the other Family Remedies uſual on theſe Occaſions, that the brighteſt Eyes in the World open'd again, and gave, while they receiv'd it, a Happineſs that,

as

as ſcarce any body has been the Object of ſuch a Surprize, ſcarce any body can form an adequate Idea of.

A FRESH Profuſion of Tenderneſs now found it's Way from our Lover, and he had exhauſted every Source of Tranſport, before he was at Leiſure to remember in whoſe Houſe he was, and under what Circumſtances. He was going to look grave, but Mrs *Conqueſt* ſav'd him the Trouble of an Apology, by telling what ſhe ſhould have thought of him, if he had not given Occaſion for one; and concluded with ſaying, 'Sir, I have no Right or Title to give 'up in you to this Lady, but, if I had, 'I would reſign it.'

LITTLE Ceremony was neceſſary between two People, who by this time knew one another's Minds ſo well as our new-met Lovers. Mr *Wentworth* and Mrs *Conqueſt* had the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Ceremony performed in two or three Days. When the new-marry'd People had revell'd a Month in perfect Happineſs in Town, it was judg'd proper to think of returning to their native Country. The young Gentleman arrived there

there two Days after the Death of his Father: He found himſelf in Poſſeſſion of a very ample Fortune, though not quite ſo magnificent a one as had been repreſented; and he was no ſooner convinc'd of the Villany of his Uncle, in the Uſe he had made of his Neceſſities, than he came to a Reſolution of repaying him the borrowed Money, with lawful Intereſt only: This the old Gentleman was oblig'd to accept; and after heartily curſing his whole Family, and all the Relations in the World, he left it, at his Death, which happen'd, about eight Months afterwards, to the faithful *Ruth*.

F I N I S.

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